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THE LIVING AGE.

SEVENTH SERIES /
VOLUME XLVI.

No. 3418 January 8, 1910

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VOL. CCLXIV.

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PUBLISHED EVERY SATURDAY BY

THE LIVING AGE COMPANY,

6 BEACON STREET, BOSTON.

TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION

FOR SIX DOLLARS, remitted directly to the Publishers, THE LIVING AGE will be punctually forwarded for a year, free of postage, to any part of the United States. To Canada the postage is 50 cents per annum.

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THE GREAT MAGICIAN.

Although the boughs be bare, and the
bent trees

Stretch out gaunt arms against a
leaden sky;

Although the dreary landscape seem
to lie

Beneath the hand of death, and the
soft breeze

Of summer-time across the upland leas
Be changed into a weary, haunting
cry

Of storm-wind calling storm-wind to
draw nigh

And rend to shreds our poor, frail
refuges—

Yet, through the gloom, Love comes, to
touch my hand,

To bid me raise mine eyes, since he
stood there

Waiting to still my fears, and make the
land

Look like a garden of the Lord; so
fair,

That, lo! red roses clothe the desert
strand—

Sweet summer's flowers—although
the boughs be bare.

Kate Mellersh.

(Chambers's Journal.)

EXPECTANCY.

I know the night is heavy with her
stars,—

So much I know,—

I know the sun will lead the night
away,

And lay his golden bars

Over the fields and mountains and
great seas,

I know that he will usher in the day
With litanies

Of birds and young dawn-winds. So
much I know,—

So little though.

I know that I am lost in a great waste,
A trackless world

Of stars and golden days, where shad-
ows go

In mute and secret haste,

Paying no heed to supplicating cries
Of spirits lost and troubled,—this I
know.

The regal skies

Utter no word, nor wind, nor changing
sea,—

It frightens me.

Yet I believe that somewhere, soon or
late,

A peace will fall

Upon the angry reaches of my mind;

A peace initiate

In some heroic hour when I behold

A friend's long-quested triumph, or un-
blind

The tressèd gold

From a child's laughing face. I still
believe,—

So much believe.

Or, when the reapers leave the
swathèd grain,

I'll look beyond

The yellowing hazels in the twilight-
tide

Beyond the flowing plain,

And see blue mountains piled against
a sky

Flung out in colored ceremonial
pride;

Then haply I

Shall be no longer troubled, but shall
know.

It may be so.

John Drinkwater.

The Thrush.

THE WAIFS OF TIME.

When some great ship has long ago
been wreck'd,

And the repentant waves have long
since laid

Upon the beach the booty that they
made,

And few remember still, and none ex-
pect,

The Sea will sometimes suddenly eject
A lonely shattered waif, still unde-
cayed,

That tells of lives with which an old
storm played,

In a carved name that graybeards re-
collect.

So ever and anon the soundless sea
Which we call Time, casts up upon

the strand

Some tardy waif from lost antiquity:
A stained maimed god, a faun with

shattered hand,

From Art's great work is suddenly
set free,

And stands before us as immortals
stand.

Eugene Lee-Hamilton.

THE FAILURE OF AMERICAN DEMOCRACY.

The result of the New York Mayoralty election a few weeks ago was on the whole an encouragement to those who have refused to believe that the American experiment in democracy is eternally incompatible with good municipal government. Tammany, it is true, succeeded in carrying the Mayoralty, but it carried none of the minor offices, and for the next four years, having lost the control both of the purse and of the machinery of criminal prosecutions, its opportunities for graft and boodle, for blackmail and corruption, will be severely truncated. Even if the new Mayor elects to play the familiar Tammany game, his scope for doing so will be uniquely limited. He is in office, but there are many ways in which he is not in power. There remains to him, no doubt, the right of appointing the magistrates who preside over the lower courts and the right of appointing, and of dismissing at a moment's notice and without reason assigned, the Commissioner of Police. Both these privileges have been used in the past, and can still be used, to fill the Bench with political henchmen and to turn the police force into an instrument for raising revenue by the protection of vice and crime. But so long as all the appropriations for carrying on the city government have to be made through a Board exclusively manned by anti-Tammany representatives, and so long as the District Attorney is an official who looks upon the people and not upon the "machine" as his client, even a Mayor of the Tweed or Van Wyck type, one whose intentions and policy are wholly predatory, must find himself comparatively powerless for harm. There is some reason, moreover, for thinking that Mr. Gaynor will not prove Mayor of this type. Though

put forward as the Tammany candidate, he has never been a member of the "organization," and though he might fairly be described as that least pleasing of all the products of democracy, a sensational, notoriety-hunting, semi-political, and wholly unjudicial judge, he is also, oddly enough, a man of sincerity and independence, whose "respectability" was Tammany's greatest asset in the recent campaign. Whether the advantage of having him off the Bench is outweighed by the disadvantage of having him in the City Hall is a point that, not being a New Yorker, I do not feel called upon to decide. I think, however, that, so far as his erratic and explosive temperament and his lack of anything in the nature of administrative experience will allow him, he means to do well, and I shall not even be surprised if, making in part a virtue of necessity, he cuts himself clear of all Tammany influences and throws himself into the arms of his Reforming colleagues.

The outlook, therefore, till 1913, is about as bright as any New York has known for sixty years and more. What makes it all the more auspicious is that the substantial defeat of Tammany was effected in spite of the absence of any very glaring scandals. Given sufficiently stimulating revelations of sufficiently gross iniquities, given also a genuine union of all the anti-Tammany forces, it has often in the past proved possible for the "good citizens" to snatch a narrow victory. But at the last election—and this although Tammany had been in office for six consecutive years—the Reformers were by no means so abundantly supplied as usual with the material for an indictment of Tammany rule. The material, no doubt, existed, but except

in three or four instances it could not be got at. This was partly because the Mayor, Mr. McClellan, a son of the famous General, and a gentleman of the highest character and capabilities, had quarreled with the "organization" and held it in check, and partly because every year finds Tammany refining on its methods, and becoming a little more adroitly discreet. Except that a few of the minor officials had had to be removed by the Governor of the State, except that the finance of the city was inextricably confused, except that the Mayor, after appointing an honest and capable Commissioner of Police, and maintaining him in office for three and a half years, had suddenly dismissed him a few months before the election, and except that there was sufficient proof of waste and jobbery in certain departments and undertakings to justify the suspicion that Tammany was still the Tammany of old, the Reformers had comparatively little to work upon. They had enough, that is to say, to overthrow any party or government of the older world, but not enough to penetrate the tough civic conscience of New York. Nor were they at all points really united. The Republicans gave only a half-hearted support to their candidate, Mr. Bannard, and almost the whole brunt of the anti-Tammany campaign fell on Mr. Hearst, who, while running for the Mayoralty himself on an independent ticket, adopted, and urged his followers to vote for, all the other nominees of the Fusionists. The result showed that Mr. Hearst holds the balance of power in New York between Tammany and its enemies. The Mayoralty was lost to the "good citizens" because their votes were divided between Mr. Hearst and Mr. Bannard. They carried all their other candidates because Mr. Hearst had endorsed them. •

This very sensibly detracts from the merit and value of their victory.

There is no stability in Mr. Hearst. He fights for and against every party in turn; and nothing is more likely than his appearance four years hence as a candidate for the Mayoralty, not in opposition to Tammany but as its adopted representative. When Tammany encounters a man whom it cannot suppress, its invariable policy is to annex him; and nobody who has followed Mr. Hearst's career can suppose that he has any insuperable objections to being annexed. While therefore, it is encouraging to find that the people of New York, even in a year of comparatively mild disclosures and with little or nothing in the nature of a moral uprising to spur them on, can fight a drawn battle with Tammany, the significance of their success becomes subject to some considerable discounts when one analyzes the chief factor that made it possible. And in any case one must remember that what New York accomplished at this election was essentially a work of destruction. It got rid of Tammany. But this is a feat it has frequently performed before, and always with the same result of Tammany regaining at the next election every inch of the ground it had temporarily lost. The whole history of municipal administration, not merely in New York, but throughout the United States, shows that while Americans can destroy they cannot construct. They can overthrow a bad Government; they have yet to prove they can sustain a good one. Some too flagrant scandal may rouse them for a moment to wreck a "machine" and to fill the air with good resolutions. But good resolutions are fleeting things, and the "machine" in the long run and under present conditions is indestructible. I do not say those are wholly wrong who see in the recent election a sign that New Yorkers, like the American people generally, are beginning to cut loose from

the domination of the "bosses" and to treat municipal government as primarily a business and not a political problem. But this movement will have to develop far more strength and constancy than it has done so far if it is to win more than a casual victory or to endanger Tammany's security at all permanently. The citizens of New York have won a respite of sorts for the next four years. But they have not won freedom or anything like it. Nor have they taken more than an uncertain and tentative step towards removing from the American democracy the reproach of its colossal and continuous failure to evolve a stable and decent form of municipal government.

Colossal and continuous are not, I think, harsher adjectives than the facts warrant. There is not a single large city in the United States—except Washington, where the people have no votes—that enjoys the least assurance of good civic administration. We think of Tammany as exclusively the disgrace of New York, but as a matter of fact scores of other cities in America possess Tammanys of their own under other names. A few years ago Mr. Lincoln Steffens, a sharp-eyed and fearless publicist, wrote a book called *The Shame of the Cities*. The cities of Mr. Steffens' title-page were six of the most prominent on the American continent—St. Louis, Minneapolis, Pittsburg, Chicago, Philadelphia, and New York—and their "shame" was their misgovernment through corruption. Differing profoundly from one another in history, interests, industries, and the type and character of their inhabitants, Mr. Steffens found them to be at one in their enslavement to rascally politics. All were ruled not by the people but by an oligarchy of special interests. This oligarchy was composed of (1) saloon-keepers, gamblers, criminals, and the organiz-

ers of vice; (2) contractors, capitalists, bankers, financiers, company promoters, big merchants, and manufacturers who could make money by getting concessions and other public franchises more cheaply by bribery than by paying the community; and (3) politicians who seek and accept office with the aid and endorsement of the classes already mentioned. These three classes, Mr. Steffens went on to say, combine, and get control of the party machine. "They nominate and elect men who will agree to help them rob the city or the State for the benefit of themselves, and who will agree also not to enforce the laws in regard to the various businesses that degrade a community. We find under various modifications this criminal oligarchy in control of many communities in the United States. We find representatives of this combination in the United States Senate, among Governors of States, State legislators, mayors, aldermen, police officials. We find them among men in business life—captains of industry, bankers, street-railway magnates. In short, wherever franchises or contracts of any kind are to be secured from a community, we find leading citizens in the ring to rob their own neighbors, managers of corporations bribing law-makers, lawyers for pay helping their clients to bribe safely, jurors refusing to render just verdicts." That is not, I think, an exaggerated picture. The alliance between organized wealth, organized vice and crime, and conscienceless political leadership is the determining and constant factor of American public life from the city to the Senate.

Americans used, complacently enough, to put their municipal disorders down to the immigrants, but the explanation hardly explains Philadelphia. Next to New York and Chicago, Philadelphia is the wealthiest and most important of American cities. It is also the most

American of American cities. Its families pride themselves on their Anglo-Saxon descent. They have never been submerged by foreign immigration. An English visitor to the States feels himself more at home in Philadelphia than in any other city on the continent, unless it be Boston. The Philadelphians take life easily. So far as any Americans can they abstain from "hustling." Something of English quietude has passed into their manners and mode of life and ways of doing things, and even into their recreations—Philadelphia is the only place in America where cricket really flourishes. The inhabitants number about a million and a quarter, and it is their boast that more of them own the houses they live in than is the case in any other American city. Prosperity is constant and pervasive; the schools are admirable, and the old Quaker atmosphere of sobriety, steadiness, and simplicity is still an unexhausted force. If any city by its origins and fortunate conditions seemed destined to set America an example of good government it was, one would have thought, Philadelphia. Yet, as a matter of fact, Philadelphia has for years been in the grip of a "machine" compared with which even Tammany might plume itself on its decency and moderation. When Mr. Steffens examined its conditions some six years ago, he declared it to be not only corrupt, but contented in its corruption. The contentment, since then, has come to a stop. There has been a rising of the "good citizens," a fierce revolt against the "machine," and the usual short-lived triumph of the Reformers. But nothing lasting or fundamental has been accomplished. Long years of corruption and inefficiency on the part of the politicians culminate in some public and intolerable iniquity; there is a moral awakening of the people, a titanic struggle, and a victory for de-

cency; a year or two later the politicians, somewhat chastened perhaps, come back into their own; and people sleep contentedly till the next scandal. That is the familiar spectacle of municipal government in America—a routine of professional graft tempered by occasional outbursts of amateur rage. In neither respect is New York unique. The metropolis of America, in its recurrent struggles with Tammany, does no more than duplicate on a more imposing stage the experience of every other city in the United States that is sufficiently wealthy and populous to be worth looting by the politicians and their allies.

It is not, after all, unnatural that municipal government should be the weakest point of the American system. Mr. Seth Low, in the admirable chapter he contributed to Mr. Bryce's *American Commonwealth*, was right in claiming that the difficulties which confronted his countrymen in the sphere of city government were altogether exceptional. European cities are invariably growths whose roots go far back into the past. Even if they expand with overwhelming suddenness—as London, Berlin, and Rome have expanded during the last three decades—their development has always been from a pre-existing nucleus of wealth, experience, and established administrative conditions. But the American cities are creations, not growths. They are the creations of the Legislatures of the different States in which they are situated. From these Legislatures they receive a charter of incorporation in which their form of government, their powers and their limitations are as a rule microscopically prescribed. Few charters in the United States are more than ninety years old, and the American cities, in consequence, instead of being the oldest administrative entities in the country, are the youngest. Again, they have grown on

a scale and with a rapidity to which the history of no European city affords any true parallel; and they have done so under circumstances of unique complexity. They were raw, or comparatively raw, to municipal work; they had no margin of accumulated wealth to draw upon; they had no governing class; and they were flooded with illiterate and inexperienced immigrants from Europe, whom, nevertheless, they were driven by their political theories to include in their body of citizenship. Americans had, in short, to build up their cities practically out of nothing, to assimilate the aliens in their midst, and at the same time to attempt the experiment of a society governing itself; and to do all this they were compelled to discount their future on a grandiose scale and to adopt the most wasteful and extravagant of all policies—that of producing under pressure the quickest possible results. That they showed in those early days a regrettable shortsightedness is true enough, but the conditions they were called upon to deal with were such as would have baffled the most expert administrators.

Those conditions, so far as they were physical and financial, still obtain in portions of the South and of the Far West; but they are faced and encountered with far more providence and practicality than formerly. The new Western cities have profited by the experience of the East, are imbued with a keener sense of the city as an organic whole, and provide themselves with the raw material, and also with the accessories, of a well-ordered community in the most liberal fashion. Broad and beautiful streets, plenty of parks and recreation grounds, publicly owned services of street-cars, of electric lighting and of water supply, and a definite and spacious scheme of future growth—such things as these are giving many a Western city an auspi-

cious start in life. On the other hand, the legislative conditions that surround the upbuilding of an American municipality still present an almost insuperable obstacle to reform. That is to say, almost every American city still receives its charter and the framework of its government from the State Legislature; and the State Legislature, in which as a rule farmers predominate, has usually little idea of the needs of city administration, frames charters that are conceived more in the interests of the politicians than of efficient government, and cannot be kept from amending them as it pleases. Hardly a city in America has home rule or anything like it, and a great part of every Mayor's time is spent in warding off political attacks upon the city charter or in seeking from the Legislature fresh powers for solving unanticipated problems. There is no more favorite occupation among the politicians in the State Legislature than that of amending city charters and of passing innumerable bills regulating the detailed conduct of civic affairs. The result is, first, that scarcely any city official is able to say, amid all this multiplicity of statutes, what his powers are; and, secondly, that the members of the State Legislature practically hold the city at their mercy. In the old days, when there was hardly a detail of municipal administration that the State Legislature could not and did not manipulate as it chose, "cities were compelled by legislation to buy lands for parks and places because the owner wished to sell them; compelled to grade, pave, and sewer streets without inhabitants, for no other purpose than to award corrupt contracts for the work; compelled to purchase, at the public expense, and at extravagant prices, the property necessary for streets and avenues, useless for any other purpose than to make a market for the adjoining property thus in-

proved; and laws were enacted abolishing one office and creating another with the same duties in order to transfer official emoluments from one man to another, changing the functions of officers with a view only to a new distribution of patronage, and lengthening the terms of offices for no other purpose than to retain in place officers who could not otherwise be elected or appointed." Matters have somewhat improved of late years, but the authority and vagaries of the State Legislatures still dissipate the sense of local responsibility, still favor the politicians at the expense of the Reformers, and still oppose a most formidable barrier to sound government.

It goes without saying that in a country so utterly under the curse of politics as is the United States, municipal elections are fought out on Presidential lines, and often, indeed, take place on the same day as the polling for State and Federal offices. In spite of the progress of civil service reform, the spoils of the city offices still go to the victors in sufficient abundance to make far-reaching policies and stable and continuous administration all but impossible. Politics have penetrated into every detail of municipal work. Cliques of politicians in both parties manipulate the electoral machinery which has been so bewilderingly over-organized and elaborated that the average busy, well-intentioned, but not over-earnest citizen finds himself hopelessly entangled in its toils. He is as a rule an extremely domesticated person; he has no tradition of public service to counteract the intensity of his home life; the indifference of most American women to public questions, and their lack of anything in the nature of such a political education as an Englishwoman absorbs unconsciously from girlhood, still further tend to tie him to his hearthstone; his individual interest in good government is usually

infinitesimal; and he is not attracted by a game in which his butler and his groom and the policeman on the beat are far more proficient and cut altogether a more effective figure than himself. So long as the ordinary American regards municipal government as a political rather than an administrative problem, so long as he would rather see it bungled in the name of one of the regular parties—even if it be not his own party—than carried on with honesty and efficiency by "good citizens" and Independents, and so long as politics remain a trade requiring the whole time and thought of professional experts, so long will American cities be administered with only a passing reference to their own interests and with a constant eye to the interests of the dominant "machine."

Then, again, the views, theories, and instincts that together shape the attitude of the average elementary American towards the problems of government are of a kind that tell with peculiar effect against municipal efficiency. He has retained longer perhaps than any white man on the civilized globe the fierce pioneer spirit of individualism. His deepest political conviction is probably that the less there is of government the better. So long as government protects him in the enjoyment of his personal and property rights, he asks no more of it. He is only just beginning to grow into the large civic consciousness. He is only just beginning to acquire some conception of a *régime* powerful for positive as well as for negative ends, and of a community organized and using its collective strength and energy for purposes of constructive and universal beneficence. The impulse to make of municipal administration an agency for the active promotion of the common welfare has thus been largely lacking in him. Moreover, many of his ideas about democracy, whether right or

wrong when applied on a large scale. come heavily to grief in the special and restricted sphere of civic government. Americans have always been too apt to regard the suffrage as the essence of democracy. So long as they could vote at recurring periods for a multitude of short-term officers, they have persuaded themselves that little more was needed to fulfil the amplest ideal of popular government. They have always had a tendency to look upon the ballot-box as an end in itself, to think more of success at the polls than of efficiency in office, to regard the problems of government as solved when they had elected one set of candidates to office in preference to another set, to spend their energies on choosing their representatives and then to forget to watch over them, to pay too much attention to who is to do the work and too little to how it is being done, and to sleep with the comfortable assurance of a public duty adequately performed from the eve of one election-day to the dawn of the next. They have never properly realized that democracy is criticism, is control, is an alert and informed public opinion, and is not really machinery at all. Whenever anything has gone wrong, their instinct has been to put it right by some purely mechanical readjustment, some legislative expedient, some amendment of the external accessories of government. "For every evil, no matter what its nature," writes Professor Rowe in his excellent *Problems of City Government*, "we recur to the statute book. There is a widespread belief throughout the country that for every abuse there is a legislative remedy. This belief in the moralizing power of the law is one of the most insidious as well as one of the most corrupting influences in our public life. It leads us to place unenforceable laws on the statute books, and the disregard of these laws becomes the

instrument of blackmail and bribery."

A political philosophy so defective as all this would in any case be ill-equipped for grappling with the concrete and positive problems of city government. But in the United States it has been placed at this further disadvantage, that city government has not been organized to deal with city affairs. When Americans began casting about for a form of municipal constitution, they took for their model the principal features of the system they already found at work in the State and in the Union. Regarding the city as a smaller State, a microcosm of the Republic, and ignoring or, rather, not even suspecting, its peculiar needs and requirements, they proceeded to endow it with the form of Government to which they were accustomed in State and Federal politics. They separated the executive from the legislature in the best spirit of the eighteenth-century Constitution-mongers. They imposed a bi-cameral Council to correspond with the House of Representatives and the Senate at Washington. They introduced into the civic framework all the checks and balances, all the dispersal of powers, all the rivalries of competitive authorities, that have converted the American Constitution into an ingenious conspiracy for doing nothing. They insisted on electing hordes of municipal officials by popular vote, on denying them any fixity of tenure, and on replacing them by new men after each election—and all because these were the methods they were used to in State and Federal affairs. Putting upon universal suffrage a strain it could not, and was never meant to bear, they endeavored to head off the results of their rashness by reducing the elected officials and bodies to an equality of impotence. "By pitting the executive against the legislative authority," says Professor Rowe, "by electing one official to exer-

cise control over another, and by making official terms as short as possible, we have beguiled ourselves with the illusion that it is possible to construct a machinery of government which only requires the attention of the people at stated election periods." The great majority of American cities are still struggling to escape from this system—a system under which an elected Mayor, armed with the power of veto, divides with the Council the responsibility for policy and appointments.

The pathway which they believe will lead to emancipation is one of considerable interest to political students. They have tried the English system of making the Council practically omnipotent, and in the absence of a permanent official staff, and in the presence, the overwhelming presence, of "politics," they have found it disastrously unworkable. They have tried making the Mayor and the Council authorities of equal or co-ordinate powers, and they have found that under this system abuses flourish in profusion, while the responsibility for them remains nebulous. They are now in despair turning towards a plan that restricts and virtually annihilates the Council, and vests either in the Mayor or in a small board of executive officers the supreme power. This is a development which translates into terms of politics the concentration of authority which has revolutionized the conduct of American industries. Nothing has been more remarkable than to watch the steady decline of American faith in legislative assemblies and the corresponding elevation of executive power. The popular view of the President's functions is that he is in the White House to save the nation from Congress. The popular view of a Governor of a State is that he stands between the people and the people's representatives, to protect the former and bridle the latter. Everywhere through-

out America the tendency is to call in autocracy to safeguard democracy against itself. In no other way do Americans see a chance of fixing responsibility and holding their elected officers to account.

This tendency was first applied to municipal government by the citizens of Galveston, a sea-coast town in Texas. Galveston was all but wiped off the map by a great storm in 1900, and the inadequacy of the existing administration to cope with the disaster was made abruptly apparent. The people determined to reorganize their whole system of government with a single eye to efficiency. The State Legislature, in response to their petition, granted the city a new charter, under which all power was vested in a Commission of five men—the Mayor and four managers of particular departments—elected not by wards but by the city at large and at a time when no other election was in progress, and holding office for two years. The Mayor has no power beyond his vote as a Commissioner. Each Commissioner must come to the board for authority to act, and a majority vote is final. The business of the city is divided into four departments—(1) finance and revenue, (2) police and fire, (3) streets and public property, (4) waterworks and sewage—and at the head of each is a Commissioner, who is solely responsible for the *personnel* and policy of his department. The plan has worked admirably. It has attracted the best men to the service of the city; it has stimulated a healthy pride and interest in their activities; and it has eliminated politics. The Commission found the city bankrupt and in six years raised its credit above par. It has saved over a third of the running expenses and has incurred no debts; it has built a great sea wall four and a half miles long and seventeen feet above the Gulf; it has broken

up the gambling-dens and policy-shops, regulated the saloons, paved the streets, stamped out yellow fever, lit the wharves, greatly extended the sewer system, and more than trebled the shipping of the port. I believe I am right in saying that the Commissioners, with the exception of one who died, have been regularly re-elected since they first took office, and that at no election have the politicians and the other predatory elements in the community been able to rally more than 20 per cent. of the electorate against them.

A somewhat similar plan has been adopted by the city of Des Moines, with the sanction of the Iowa Legislature. Here, again, the old Council is swept away, and all executive, administrative, and legislative power is placed in the hands of a Mayor and four Commissioners, nominated and elected at large. Any Commissioner may be removed upon petition of 25 per cent. of the electors, demanding a new election for his office. The citizens are vested with the power of initiative, of protest and of the referendum; and no grant or concession to a public service corporation becomes valid until it has been ratified by a poll of the people. Half a dozen considerable cities have already followed the example of Galveston or Des Moines; and there is no part of the United States where the idea of government by commission is not being agitated with fruitful enthusiasm. Mr. S. S. McClure, the proprietor and editor of *McClure's Magazine*, one of the most powerful instruments for civic righteousness that has yet been forged in America, declares in the November issue of his periodical emphatically in favor of applying the plan to New York. "New York City," he says, "under such a system, could command the services of the ablest men in the United States; a position in its government would offer not only one of the greatest honors in the United States, but a salary as

large as those paid by the greatest corporations in America. The entire government of the city, excepting only the judiciary, would be given over to five men. The second greatest city in the world would not be governed, as now, by an association of criminals; it could, and naturally would expect to, secure the direction of a board of men of the calibre of the following ticket: Mayor, Theodore Roosevelt; Commissioner of Finance, J. Pierpont Morgan; Commissioner of Police, General Leonard Wood; Commissioner of Public Works, William G. McAdoo, the builder of the Hudson tunnels; Commissioner of Law, Senator Elihu Root. A board of men of this ability, according to the experience of other cities, could be elected by an overwhelming vote to take charge of New York City. Once elected, they would not only save it millions of dollars, but would entirely change the quality of its civilization." That is a very striking and important declaration. There can be no doubt that Americans are turning with a growing decisiveness towards government by commission as the only visible way out of their municipal confusion. I anticipate a prodigious fight between the people and the politicians before any city of the first rank wins the sanction of the State Legislature to experiment with the scheme; and it is easy also to foresee that, even if the fight is won, the "Galveston Idea" will still leave unsolved the innumerable problems connected with the relations between municipalities and the chief public utilities—problems that have been artificially complicated in America to a degree that we in Europe can hardly conceive. But it will at least make efficient administration not merely possible but probable; it will endow the cities with real autonomy; it will make an irresistible appeal to the now indifferent and fog-bound citizen; and it will

powerfully reinforce the numberless, non-political, voluntary, public-spirited agencies for betterment that even now half redeem the civic failures of American democracy. Americans have made endless mechanical efforts at reform. They have tried withdrawing the police, the schools, and the licensing power from municipal control. They have tried Mayors with autocratic powers and Mayors with no powers at all, cities with two legislative chambers and cities with one, police boards governed by a single head and police boards governed by a commission of four, two from each party, elections every year, every two years,

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every three and four years. All these experiments and many others have been adopted, and all have failed, because none affected the standard of public opinion or changed the average man's view of the place that politics should hold in municipal administration. It is the supreme merit of the Galveston plan that it not only revolutionizes the machinery of city government, but does so in a way that unescapably enlists the personal and sustained interest of the ordinary citizen, allows him to see and know what is going on, and thus makes it possible for him to become a conscious power for good government.

Sydney Brooks.

SHERIDAN.*

At first sight there may seem some incongruity between one's idea of Sheridan and the size of Mr. Sichel's volumes. Nine people out of ten, if asked to give you their impression of Sheridan, would tell you that he wrote three standard plays, was famous for his debts, his wit, and his speech at the trial of Warren Hastings; they would add that he had played a distinguished but not a commanding part as a statesman, and flitted through the society of the Georgian era, a brilliant but slightly intoxicated insect, with gorgeous wings but an erratic flight. The important aspect of two stout volumes, numbering some 1,100 pages between them, seems strangely at variance with such a figure. How completely Mr. Sichel corrects the popular view we shall attempt to show; but let us insist at once that the heaviness of the volumes is true in a literal sense only, and that, after reading from cover to cover, the importance of his subject seems to demand an even fuller treatment than it was possible to bestow.

* "The Life of Richard Brinsley Sheridan."
By Walter Sichel. Two volumes. (Constable.
31s. 6d. net.)

We should like more about the Linleys, more of Sheridan's own letters, and more of Mrs. Tickell and her sister.

If only to enlighten the reader as to the extreme interest and complexity of his task, and to point out its true nature, it is best to read the "Overture" first, in which Mr. Sichel seeks to "psychologize a temperament and a time." At first (let us own) the clash of contrasts, urged with unusual sharpness and precision, blinds our eyes to the form which they would reveal; simplicity and extravagance, generosity and meanness, rash confidence and moderation, passion and coldness—how are we to compose them all into one human shape? But later, when we begin to understand, it appears that the clue to Sheridan's baffling career must be sought among these contradictory fragments. For, looked at from the outside, the inconsistencies of his life fill us with a sense of dissatisfaction. Before he was thirty he had written three plays that are classics in our literature; then, once in Parliament, he turned to reform and finance and gave up writing altogether; "the Muses of

Love and Satire beckoned to him from Parnassus, and to the last he persisted in declaring that they, and not politics were his true vocation"; yet "his heart stayed in the Assembly of the nation, and to the last, like Congreve, he slighted his theatrical triumphs"; his married life, which began with two duels on his wife's behalf, and ended in an agony of grief as she lay dying in his arms, would present a perfect example of devotion were it not that he had been unfaithful while she lived, and married again, a girl of twenty, three years after her death; finally, his political career is as incomprehensible as the rest, for, with gifts as orator and statesman that made him famous over Europe, he never held high office; with a character of singular independence he acted "equivocally," and with a record of devotion to his Prince he lost his favor completely, and died, without a seat, dishonored and in debt. Nothing tends to make us lose interest in a character so much as the suspicion that there is something monstrous about it, and the achievement of Mr. Sichel's biography is that it restores Sheridan to human size and brings him to life again.

The first gift that makes itself felt is the gift that is always present and at work, but is yet the hardest to recapture—the gift of charm. "There has been nothing like it since the days of Orpheus," wrote Byron; it made the boys at Harrow love him; Sumner, the headmaster, overlooked his mischief because of it; it drew the bailiffs in later days to stand behind his chair; as for his sister, she confessed that she "admired—I almost adored him." In early days his face expressed only the finer part of him; "its half heaviness was lit up by the comedy of his smile, the audacity of his air," and the brilliance of those eyes that were to outshine the rest of him, and to "look up at the coffin lid as brightly as

ever" when the mouth and chin had grown coarse as a Satyr's. There are only two letters from Sheridan at Harrow; and they are both about dress. In one he complains that his clothes are so shabby that he "is almost ashamed to wear them on Sunday"; in the other he is anxious to have the proper mourning sent him on his mother's death. Most schoolboys are conventional, but in addition to conforming to its laws, Sheridan liked the world to know that he grieved. A year or two later, when we come to Miss Linley and the famous elopement and the duels, the romance of Sheridan's nature blossoms out, with curious qualifications. He discovered that the beautiful Miss Linley, who sang like an angel, was tormented by a man called Mathews, who was married; she had flirted with him as a child and he now pressed her dishonorably. Sheridan became her knight; he snatched her away to France without her parents' knowledge, and placed her in a convent. It is probable that they went through "some form of marriage" near Calais. Mathews, meanwhile, proclaimed his rival a liar and a scoundrel in the *Bath Chronicle*, and Sheridan vowed that he "would never sleep in England till he had thanked him as he deserved." He left Miss Linley in her father's hands, fought with Mathews twice, and obliged him to fly the country. It is a tale no doubt that might be matched by others of that age, but in the romantic arrangement of the plot, in the delicate respect with which he treated his charge, and in the extravagance of the vow which constrained him to spend the night out of bed at Canterbury and to reach his rival starved for want of sleep, there are signs of something out of the ordinary. Nor was his behavior ordinary in the months of separation that followed. In his letters and his lyrics he luxuriated—for the pas-

sion that finds words has pleasure about it—in the shades of his emotion.

But love also started his brain into activity. Not only did he work at mathematics, make an abstract of the history of England, and comment upon Blackstone, but he thought about the principles upon which the world is run. It seemed to him that "all the nobler feelings of man," which he began to perceive in himself, were blunted by civilization, and he sighed for the early days when the ties of friendship and of love "could with some safety be formed at the first instigation of our hearts." Now and perhaps throughout his life he believed that one's emotions are supreme, and that one should rate the obstacles that thwart them as tokens of bondage. He was fond of dreaming about the enchanted world of the Arcadia and of the Faëry Queen, liking rather to dwell upon "the characters of life as I would wish that they *were* than as they *are*," and persuading himself that his wish was really a desire to pierce beneath the corruptions of society to the true face of man beneath. Perhaps he felt that a world so simplified would be easier to live in than ours—but can one believe in it? He wished to replace all Fielding and Smollett with knights and ladies, but he did not believe in them either. The true romantic makes his past out of an intense joy in the present; it is the best of what he sees, caught up and set beyond the reach of change; Sheridan's vague rapture with the glamor of life was only sufficient to make him discontented, sentimental and chivalrous. The strange admixture is shown in his behavior when he was asked to allow his wife—for they had married with the consent of her father, but to the rage of his—to sing publicly for money. He refused to agree, although they were very poor and large sums were offered. It was said that the sight of George III. og-

ling her decided him, and Johnson declared, "He resolved wisely and nobly, to be sure." But later, when he was struggling for a position in London drawing rooms he allowed her to advertise concerts "to the Nobility and Gentry" at which she was to sing without taking money. He gained a reputation for chivalry, for it implied that he cared for his wife's honor more than for gold, and spurned a friendship that was bought; but then he valued the favor of the great very highly and if it is true that he never cared for money, he seldom paid his debts.

Sheridan would do anything to make the world think well of him; he would wear intense mourning; he would keep a fine establishment; he would faint if people wished it; he could anticipate the popular desires, and exaggerate them brilliantly. The actor's blood in him, which rises on applause like a ship on the waves, was responsible for the touch of melodrama; but the finer perceptions of artists were his too, and these, trained to discover emotions beneath small talk and domesticity, threw him off his balance in the uproar of the world. There is certainly a strange discrepancy between Sheridan in private and Sheridan in public—between his written words and his spoken. The three famous plays were written before he took to public life, and represent more of him than tradition or the imperfect reports of his speeches can now preserve. They show what Sheridan thought when there was no public to send the blood to his head. The way in which he takes the word "honor" in *The Rivals* and makes it the jewel of a frightened country bumpkin and the sport of his shrewd serving-man assures us that he fought his own duels with a full sense of their absurdity. "Odds blades! David," cries Acres, "no gentleman will ever risk the loss of his honor!" "I say, then," answers David, "it

would be but civil in *honor* never to risk the loss of a *gentleman*. Look'ee, master, this *honor* seems to me to be a marvellous false friend: ay truly, a very courtier-like servant," and so on, until honor and the vallant man of honor are laughed out of court together.

Then again we have some reason to believe that Sheridan was an unthinking sentimentalist, and so slipshod in his morality that he acted upon no reasoned view, but used the current conventions. If that were so, he would have been the last to see the humor of Charles Surface in *The School for Scandal*. The good qualities of this character are lovable only because we know them to be slightly ridiculous; we are meant to think it a weak but endearing trait in him that he refuses to sell his uncle's picture. "No, hang it; I'll not part with poor Noll; the old fellow has been very good to me, and, egad, I'll keep his picture while I've a room to put it in." And Sheridan satirizes his own system of generosity by adding to Charles's offer a hundred pounds to poor Stanley, "If you don't make haste, we shall have some one call that has a better right to the money." These are details, but they keep us in mind of the acutely sensible side of Sheridan's temperament. He laughs at the vapors of his age—at old women sending out for novels from the library, at bombastic Irishmen, picking quarrels for the glory of it, at romantic young ladies sighing for the joys of "sentimental elopements—ladders of ropes!—conscious moon—four horses—Scotch parson . . . paragraphs in the newspapers." The pity is that his Irish gift of hyperbole made it so easy for him to heap one absurdity on another, to accumulate superlatives and smother everything in laughter. Mrs. Malaprop would be more to the point if she could stay her tongue from deranging epitaphs; and the play scene in *The Critic* suffers from the same voluble

buffoonery—but that it has such a rapture of fun in it that we can never cease to laugh.

The wind whistles—the moon rises—see,

They have kill'd my squirrel in his cage!

Is this a grasshopper?—Ha! no; it is my

Whiskerandos—you shall not keep him—

I know you have him in your pocket—An oyster may be cross'd in love!—

Who says

A whale's a bird?—"

His humor makes one remember that he liked practical jokes. It is absolutely free from coarseness. The most profound humor is not fit reading for a girls' school, because innocence is supposed to ignore half the facts of life, and, however we may define humor, it is the most honest of the gifts.

Among other reasons for the morality of the stage in Sheridan's day may be found the reason that it lacked vigor of every kind. Sheridan, the first of the playwrights, was prevented, partly by the fact that his audience would not like it, and partly by an innate prudery of his own—a touch of that sentimentality which led him to prefer unreal characters to real ones—from giving a candid account of life. He took some thought of appearances, even in the study. His own view of the stage may be gathered in the first act of *The Critic*. Having regard to the limitations of an audience which could not brook Vanbrugh and Congreve, one should not "dramatize the penal laws" or make the stage the school of morality, but find the proper sphere for the comic muse in "the follies and foibles of society." That was Sheridan's natural province, in spite of a fitful longing to write a romantic Italian tragedy. If we grant that he had not the power which moves us so keenly in Congreve of showing how witty people love, and lacked the

coarse vigor which still keeps *The Rehearsal* alive, we are conscious that he has another power of his own; Sir Henry Irving found it in his "play of human nature"; Mr. Sichel speaks of his sympathy—"a sympathy that Congreve lacked." It is that surely that gives his comedy its peculiar glow. It does not spring from insight, or from any unusual profundity. It lies rather in his power to get on with ordinary people—to come into a room full of men and women who know him for the cleverest man of his time, and to set them at once at their ease. Other dramatists would treat such a character as Charles Surface with condescension, for a blockhead, or with uneasy respect, because of his courage and muscle; but Sheridan liked him heartily; he was his "ideal of a good fellow." This humanity—it was part of his charm as a man—still warms his writing; and it has another quality which also appeals to us. He reminds us sometimes of our modern dramatists in his power to see accepted conventions in a fresh light. He tests the current view of honor; he derides the education that was given to women; he was for reforming the conventions of the stage. His interest in ideas was only a faint forecast of our own obsession; and he was too true an artist to make any character the slave of a theory. A great fastidiousness was one of the many gifts that were half-failings, and the more he wrote the less possible it became to make the drama an instrument of reform. *The School for Scandal* was polished and polished again; "after nineteen years he had been unable to satisfy himself" with his style. The excessive care was fatal; it helped to dry up his vein before he had fully explored it, and his last comedy *Affectation* has dwindled to a few careful sentences, very neatly written in a small copy-book.

An acute sense of comedy does not seem compatible with a reformer's zeal; and, when the success of his plays and the charm of his wife brought him into touch with the rulers of the country, the chance of acting among them proved irresistible. His success with the great ladies who came to his wife's drawing room showed him what kind of power might be his—he might lead human beings. From the first, too, he had had the political instinct—a sense of distress among the people and a desire to make their lives better by improving the laws of the land. "Government for the people, through the people, and by the people" was the creed with which he started his career under the guidance of Fox. A boyish essay shows how natural it was to him to think of man as a free being oppressed by the laws. ". . . all laws at present are Tyranny. . . . All Liberty consists in the Probability of not being oppressed. What assurance have we that we shall not be taxed at eight shillings in the pound? No more than the colonies have." One of the first causes that attracted him was the cause of the American colonies, and he urged passionately their right to independence. He resolved to "sacrifice every other object" to politics, and to "force myself into business, punctuality, and information."

But it is not necessary to trace Sheridan's Parliamentary career. Mr. Sichel proves, if one can separate them, that it was more important than his career as a man of letters, and for this reason his second volume is even more interesting than his first. What is interesting, of course, is the spectacle of a man who tries to give some shape to his beliefs, and has great opportunities. He had to do what he could with questions like that of the American colonists, of the Irish Union, of Indian government, of the French Revolution, which sprang up one after

the other. They have come to be facts now, lying sunk beneath a head of results; but they were then in the making, composed of the united wills of individuals and shaped by the wills of individuals. This is one source of interest, but it happens very often that we lose sight of the aim in amazement at the spectacle. When Sheridan entered Parliament, Burke and Pitt and Fox, to take the leaders only, gave every question an extraordinary depth and complexity. It seems that we are not tracing ideas, but watching a gigantic drama, like those old Homeric combats where the motive may be the sack of Troy, but in which the episodes represent every phase of human life. Sometimes the vast range of the fight narrows itself to the will of one man; the central figure is undraped; and we have to contemplate the absurd or touching spectacle of a gentleman afflicted with the gout—"a poor, bare, forked animal," touched in his mind, too, who for the moment represents humanity. There are strange anecdotes in the Duchess of Devonshire's diary. The King began to go mad, and said "the Prince of Wales was dead, so women may be honest." He made Sir George Baker go down on his knees to look at the stars; he ordered a "tye wig, and danc'd with Dr. Reynolds"; the courtiers had to pretend that he could play chess when he could only play draughts, and that they had all been a little mad and worn strait waistcoats themselves. Such contrasts abound, but if we know enough there appears to be some order in the tumult; it is shaped something after a human form. We need only observe out of what elements the conduct of a public man is made.

Sheridan, in spite of his vanity and irresponsibility, had an unwavering sense of something more stable than any private advantage. He could look beyond his own life, and judge clearly

of things to come. Again and again we find him on the side of reform, courageous and "unpurchaseable," a statesman whose views grew wider as he aged. And yet, how strangely little traits of character, small vices unchecked since boyhood, assert themselves and corrupt his actions! The speech upon the Begums of Oude, which made great men tremble and women cry with ecstasy, lacks something essential, for all its thunder of eloquence. Years afterwards he met Warren Hastings, shook his hand, and begged him to believe that "political necessity" had inspired some of his rage. When Hastings "with great gravity" asked him to make that sentence public, he could only "mutter," and get out of it as best he might. It is the same with his friendship for the Regent; he could not care for anything for its own sake. The man was a Prince, girt about with romance, and hung with stars and ribbons; Mrs. Fitzherbert was a woman, beautiful and in distress; his sympathies were volatile, and he moved in a world of gems and decorations, which might be had for the asking. Yet gold was too gross to tempt him; he craved for love, confidence, and demonstrative affection in the face of the world. What he asked he could not get, or perhaps he asked it of the wrong people. From the first an uneasy note sounds beneath the rest. The beautiful Mrs. Sheridan implored him, when they began to rise, to let his friends know of their poverty. He had not the courage to do it, and she was led on to bet and to flirt. "Oh, my own," she wrote him, "'ee can't think how they beat me every night." He condoned her frailties with the tact of a perfect gentleman. But once in the race there was no standing still. The Duchess of Devonshire, Lady Bessborough, Lady Elizabeth Foster—all the great ladies and the brilliant young men were there

to egg him on. At their pressure such a fountain of wit and satire and imagery sprang from his lips as no one else could rival. His face might grow fiery and his nose purple, but his voice kept its melody to the end. Yet, in spite of all this, he was never at his ease, and always conscious of a certain misfit. When he stood on the Down where, twenty years before, he had fought and lain wounded, he considered his situation:—

What an interval has passed since, and scarcely one promise that I then made to my own soul have I attempted to fulfil. . . . The irregularity of all my life and pursuits, the restless, contriving temper with which I have persevered in wrong pursuits and passions makes [some words erased, of which "errors" is legible] reflexion worse to me than even to those who have acted worse.

He thought he could foresee the "too probable conclusion," but even his imagination, though made intense by sorrow, could hardly have foreseen the end. Perhaps it was the humor of it that he could not have foreseen. He became "Old Sherry" to the younger generation, and was to be met "half seas over," a disreputable figure, but still talking divinely, a battered Or-

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pheus, but still a very polite gentleman, a little bewildered by the course of events, and somewhat disappointed by his lot. He fell into sponging houses, escaped ingeniously from the "two strange men" who had followed him all his life, and begged as eloquently as ever, with a touch of Irish brogue in his voice. "They are going to put the carpets out of window, and break into Mrs. Sheridan's room, and take me" he wrote, but was sanguine on the morrow. Then he lay dying, and the prescriptions were unopened in the bare parlor, and "there were strange people in the hall." But so long as life promised adventures Sheridan had a part to act, and could welcome a future. It is not in any event that his tragedy lay, for there is something ludicrous in the stupidity of fate which never fits the fortune to the desert and blunts our pain in wonder. The tragedy lies in making promises, and seeing possibilities, and in the sense of failure. There at least the pain is without mixture. But one does not fall so long as one sees possibilities still, and the judgment on our failure is that which Byron murmured when he heard that Sheridan was dead, and praised his gifts and greatness—"But, alas, poor human nature!"

AS IT HAPPENED.

BOOK IV.

HARD NUTS AND SOFT KERNELS.

CHAPTER III.

THE INEVITABLE.

To such of us as are comfortably planted in pairs the bachelor withering slowly in his lonely pot is a natural object for pity.

The (assumed) dreariness of his evenings appeals to us as peculiarly melancholy; we cannot conceive of

compensations, nor does it occur to us that he may have pursuits of which he is disinclined to speak to the unsympathetic. Why should your single man have pursuits at all? For whose benefit does he pursue anything? He, without wife to call in to rejoice with him over his successes, or children to whom to pass on his collections?

Which is absurd.

Phanuel Hippisley, for instance, had a darling hobby which he had bestridden almost from his childhood. At a tender age the curiosity of the boy had been aroused by finding strips of undecipherable vellum in the inner bindings of old books, and whilst his schoolfellows, after the manner of boys, were achieving great and permanent effects with hoops, marbles, and tops, he was wasting his time in puzzling out long-extinct scripts. The craze grew upon him; throughout a longish life he had begged, or bought every scrap of antique parchment that crossed his path, and was long since, albeit he knew it not, one of the first of living palaeographers.

The man could have told you at a glance (as a matter of fact, he was not particularly communicative) the age of a mediæval document. "This is a piece of pre-Conquest work," he would say, "and this Plantagenet; and this, by its poor penmanship, will be subsequent to the Black Death." Moreover, as a collector should, he not only recognized a good thing when he had it in his hand, but knew what to look for, and where it was likely to be found. He neither expected nor desired great things, six inches by two were enough for him as a rule.

For the centuries differ in their ways of doing things. We of the twentieth are diffuse, or inclining thereto. I, myself, for example (a humble instance, but the first that comes to hand), propose to run to 400 pages. I could not turn myself round in fewer, whilst in a really important matter, calling for the use of parchment, a popular auditor of a Board of Guardians, shall we say, if he have pulled the strings discreetly, may look to be illuminatively addressed upon his retirement from office on six to ten quartos of 9 by 5 vellum, the initial page a compliment gloriously embellished, those following thick with signatures,

gratefully commemorative of his genial laxity, the whole Grollier-bound and suitably cased.

Other times, other manners. In the eighth century an East Anglian king, taking thought for the health of his soul, would grant five manors to a certain Pandulphus, abbas of some house long since secularized, to have and to hold, and all this and more, mind you, upon a thin scrap of waxy stuff not one third the area of that half-sheet of notepaper which a modern prime minister has said is sufficient to contain the statement of his views, so transparently plain are those views, so obvious to all men.

But Hippisley had got past charters, toys he held them; they had amused his callow youth and he had put away childish things. For thirty years past he had been digging at manor-rolls and convent books of account, not for their obvious contents—the day of Thorold Rogers was still afar—but for the decipherment of the occasional, cloudy, half-obliterated characters which crossed and underlay the bold, clear, monastic Latin, a script of an earlier day, and Greek, may it please you.

Fifteen lines of an unpublished ode of Pindar had rewarded his search, certain fragments of Sappho, and, what he valued more, three sections of an unknown gospel, heretical doubtless, for he detected gnostic tendencies, but a find worth living for all the same.

This sort of thing pursued by candle-light is hard upon the eyes, and it fell upon a certain evening that Friend Phanuel found himself in need of a stronger lens than the one in hand, and crossed the landing to his chamber to fetch it.

Rubbing his eyes, he went, and muttering a Greek text to himself, walking by the sense of locality rather than by sight and thus, or ever he was aware, ran full up against some one who was already in the room, Susan Tighe, in

short, with her back to the door, humming to herself, her arm to the elbow in one of her host's stockings, her fingers working at the inside heel, where she suspected a hole.

The girl turned with a start, the low lulling tune without words died upon her lips: its presence was automatic. She was aware that music was interdicted in that Quaker household, but what was within her welled forth at times unbidden and without her knowledge.

"Oh, Mr. Hippisley, sir!" she exclaimed, dropping into the address of her earlier use ('twould have been "Phanuel Hippisley," had she taken a moment's thought). "What can I do for you?"

"Nay, what art thou doing for me?—not this?"

"Indeed, but I am; they are all in holes, those that are not working thin. I must run some at the heel and darn the worst."

"I don't know that I quite—" He checked himself. "Wilt thou oblige me by putting them down for one minute and coming to my sitting-room?" His immediate object was forgotten; a novel and urgent need for an understanding was upon him. "Come with me," and Susan, meekly wondering, came.

Her master and host returned to his room and to his chair, but stood with his hands upon its back; had it been Jemima whom he had called to confer with him he would have sate without scruple. There must have been some indescribable aura of race in the poise of the bright young head and the carriage of the figure which kept the man upon his feet. Yet she seemed the simplest of creatures: her hands folded before her, one still within the stocking, a small finger-tip peeping through a new-found aperture; so helpful, so feminine. Ah, it sent a novel pang to the heart of the old man to see her

thus; he bent his brows upon her, moistening his lips, and spoke.

"Thou art really leaving us, Susan Tighe?"

The girl's eyes shone in the candle-light: 'twas of her voyage that she had been singing, although she was unaware of it. There are children and women to whom music is the natural expression of their well-being; are they happy? they sing—anything, nothing reproducible, wordless airs, unconscious impromptus, heart and throat in happy co-operation whilst eye and hand carry forward the business of life. So Sue.

"Yes, indeed, I am going, sir—Phanuel Hippisley, I would say—if thou and Thomas Furley will so favor me," she smiled.

"'Tis a long voyage and a great uncertainty, Susan. The man whom thou believest to be thy husband has thrown thee upon the world, and has left the country under another name,—another name, Susan."

"He must have had his reasons, sir."

"I do not doubt it. But the ceremony—that marriage ceremony—was, I grieve to tell thee, almost certainly illegal. Yes, there is no such clerk in orders as this Octavius Baskett, none that can be traced, Susan."

"But, sir, your Friends are married without a parson, as I hear—"

"True enough, Susan, but we are under an especial Act, and thou art not One of Us; nor, if thou hadst been, couldst thou have been married by night, nor outside the walls of one of our Meeting-houses. No, my young friend, 'tis a sad business. I deplore it. But thou wilt hardly mend matters by following abroad the man who has wronged thee."

"Sir!—I am his wife in the sight of God! I pray you not to say a word against my husband. I could not bear it, indeed I could not." Her throat worked, her lovely eyes filled, but she would not let herself give way. "Ye

mean it kindly, oh, I know!—but—I *must* find him. . . . You believe in the Bible? . . . That text which Friend Hanbury revived last Sunday, 'If two of you shall agree upon earth as touching anything that ye shall ask, it shall be done for you of My Father.' You believe that, dear Mr. Hippisley?"

"All Holy Scripture is true," he replied guardedly.

"Then, or, will you join with me; will you make one of the two? We will pray God daily that I may find him."

"Thou shalt have thy way," said Hippisley after a pause, commanding his voice. The girl thought him vexed, but it was not vexation. Only the Recording Angel knew what the man withheld and the bliss he renounced in those moments of silence.

"But understand this, that according to my will and judgment this house is thy home. If—if—worse should befall thee abroad than thy hopes, my ship is ever at thy service; my friend Furley will help thee to the extent of his powers. *Come back to us, Susan.*"

There was a sudden vibrant quality in the voice; its measured restraint was leaving it; the speaker checked himself, and but just in time. The girl understood nothing but that her host's already unbounded kindness had travelled beyond her needs, and was by way of making provision for a future contingency which she resolutely refused to face.

"Oh, Mr. Hippisley, you have been more than a father to me—what can I say? Never, never shall I forget you! Why—why are you all so good to me?"

Alas, poor Mr. Hippisley! The discovery of his guest's ministrations in the matter of stockings and underwear had come over him with a sort of clap, causing mental and spiritual disturbance. That Jemima should have the handling of his linen was in the course

of nature, but that this light-limbed, graceful young stranger should so much as touch a garment of his was another matter. It alarmed his bachelorhood, it smacked of indelicacy (not that he blamed—he pitied her), it disturbed his imagination, tormented his waking thoughts and got itself mixed up with his dreams.

Being painfully conscious of the absurdity and unreason of his objections, he found himself unable to urge them. Nor was there a soul in whom he could confide, nor any of whom he could ask advice. This novel and poignant sense of pity ate and slept with him, it walked and talked with him; never had he felt for a fellow-creature so deeply; nor so earnestly and so helplessly desired to help.

The poor soul was wholly unaware of what ailed him, and the knowledge of the nature of his complaint when it did come came from an unexpected quarter.

The great and notable storm which had ushered in the year had been followed by that memorable frost. For fourscore days the weather held; the ice in the lower Thames was a wonder, and every street was foul with ancient snow; but throughout it all, this hale old man's daily constitutional had consisted of a few brisk turns along Tower Wharf from Lion Gate to East Gate and back. He thought that the easterly winds from off the Essex marshes tasted more freshly there than after their contamination by the smokes of the City.

To him, pacing, closely buttoned, a weight of commiseration upon his clean old heart, comes me the rector of St. Olave's, also constitutionalizing, and blocks his Quaker neighbor's path with a forefinger directed at his gastric region.

"Too bad, Mr. Hippisley!—too bad! I gave ye fair warning, but got no help from ye after all. But for the chance

of my seeing the lady's name upon the sea-chest, which those rascally bums were carrying off along with your easy chair, as I took it to be (a mere chance, in John Street it was), I should have been put to a pretty penny to buy the things in for ye. What rogues some tradesmen are, to be sure! My plain directions set at nought. They had found the money, but had seized the extra things 'to be on the right side.' Too bad."

"It is gratifying to find thee seeing the business in its true light. My chair was a small matter. I have others. But I thank thee. The chest was another story. It is, as I may say, not my property. In any case its loss would have distressed—a—would have unset plans, delayed arrangements. *She leaves us next week!*"

The last words broke from the speaker under his breath; the tone of them was sorrow's self.

The rector was startled, but made some indifferent remark, deciding that he had misheard, or misunderstood, and that, at any rate, the matter was none of his business. He resolved to forget it, and plunged into the topic which lay close to his heart.

"As to that last chapter in *Ignatius to the Smyrναeus*, Hippisley, after consulting the authorities I think I am justified in saying they are against you, Lowth, now——"

"A fair Hebraist, my friend, but as a patrist I put him second to thyself."

The rector bowed. "But, apart from the bishop, what make you of the Lambeth uncial? Once Laud's, they say? It has the final chapter which ye throw doubt upon. Whilst as for the construction which ye contend is late, I have an instance for ye in Polycarp. Besides, as I now remember, Grynæus in his *Orthodoxographia*——"

(*Get thee to thy skipping-rope, good reader. Nay, I too will e'en join thee, for the rector grows over-erudite.*)

"So, as I was saying," recapitulated the worthy soul, after five polemical minutes, "But, I beg your pardon?"

For his auditor had muttered: "*Oh, dear, next week!*"

The bold wind which had compelled the clergyman to shout his argument in breathless installments had at the moment fallen quiet, and in the lull he caught the above disconcerting irrelevancy from his companion, whose attention he had imagined he was engrossing. As a gentleman Mr. Tomlyn was disposed to be courteously deaf to a remark which had no connection with his subject and which was of the nature of an unconscious self-revelation. He paced a few steps in silence, mastering, as he hoped, every evidence of his surprise but inwardly concerned for his friend.

His friend, however, was not to be outdone in politeness.

"I must ask thy excuse . . . it seems I was not giving thy argument just the attention . . . in fact . . . was thinking . . . much to trouble me of late."

Sad was the voice, sad and low again: there was no mistaking that note, the unconscious cry for help. Ignatius and Polycarp vanished; here, at the rector's elbow, stood a fellow-creature in need. The men turned as if moved by a common impulse and retracing their steps to the East Gate came to a stand in a corner out of the wind. Tomlyn was thinking fast and hard. This amazing old fellow, was it possible? and after such a life! Something he knew of that life, its silent, underhanded kindnesses in his parish; but most of its dry, bleak, upland pastures were strange country to him. A bachelor himself, he could sympathize with a brother celibate and yet be almost incapable of conceiving an existence such as Hippisley's outside monastery walls. Woman had had no part in it. A sisterless lad.

without girl cousins, little Phanuel had grown up in an Eveless Eden, drab, quiet, and narrow, nor had ever tasted of the Tree of Knowledge. There had been no skipplings and kissings, blameless or otherwise, in his life, no sportive interludes provoked by mischievous blue eyes and rosy beckoning fingers. And now, all unaware, this gentle, kindly, pure old heart had taken a wound.

"Dear God! What an awful thing! This innocent, like some hermit of the woods, in sheer compassion, has lifted a witch over his threshold out of the storm and night. 'Twill kill him. . . . Is it possible that I can help?"

Now consider, I beseech you, the relations of these two old men. For the first fifteen years of their acquaintanceship they had regarded one another as the orthodox practitioner regards the *homœopath*, and as the Moderator of the Wee Frees regards the Scottish Primus. For five years a common interest and a growing appreciation of one another's scholarship had been drawing them together. Were their true selves ever to be revealed, their souls to touch?

Something must be risked: in fact, 'twas a big risk, the soldering or the severing of an irreplaceable friendship, no less. Tomlyn accepted that risk.

"Mr. Hippisley?"

"My friend?"

"How goes this with you?"

"But poorly, my friend."

The parson closed his eyes, shooting a prayer heavenward as he plunged. The other saw, understood, and submitted. Had a deputation of the Overseers of his Monthly Meeting come a-visiting him upon his conduct and intentions towards Susan, they, the accredited censors of his sect, would have found him marble. But this was an angel-guarded moment.

"Tell me all about it; yes, about her?"

Hippisley groaned. A tear trickled down the withered old nose and hung from its frosted tip. It might have been the wind, but a spring north-easter does not loosen the mouth, thought Tomlyn. "What! can it be as bad as this?"

Then Hippisley groaned again, and a hand went falteringly out and was taken. The impacted ice about the strong heart was breaking. This man, a stranger to close and equal human sympathy since his mother had kissed him and died so many years ago, was dumbly feeling for comfort in his trouble. Good God! what was coming? The rector braced himself to hear and bear one more tragedy. The wind piped lamentably. A hungry lion roared in the Moat.

Yet it was no more than what he knew already, amplified a little, the pathetic story of desertion and poverty and the unrequited love of an injured woman's faithful heart.

"She doesn't even know for certain that the man is there. She has no hold upon him, no scrap of his handwriting. He may, nay, almost certainly will deny her if she ever finds him; and what then is to become of her? I have reasoned, represented: her one reply to it all is that the man is her husband. Now, we know what we know. And she leaves us next week—next week!"

And this was all—positively all! The man was unconscious of his self-revelation.

"It has taken hold of you strangely my friend. Your health—?"

"Indeed yes. I take no joy in anything. My food tastes less to my mind . . . dry. I sleep brokenly. . . . And, what is new to me, my powers of concentration, of attention (as thou has just seen, and as I grieve to think thou shouldst have had occasion to see), are weakening. I am elderly, but not so old. It cannot be that?"

"No, I do not for a moment believe it is. You and I, my friend, are regular livers: we have expectation of health for years to come; with reasonable care, you know. . . . But you must regulate your sympathies, or they will run away with you."

"Thou thinkest so? But, who could withhold pity? The child is so helpless! So . . . young." The man was still but half awake, yet, seeing himself shimmeringly reflected in Tomlyn's eyes, as a sleep-walker might see himself in a glass, he stopped to consider the phenomenon.

"Have ye confided to the lady the way in which her—distresses and her—presence—er—affect ye, Mr. Hippisley?"

"No, oh no! It would only add to her trouble. But, indeed, I had a half-formed purpose of accompanying her."

"Nay, Hippisley, ye must not do that. I mean I could not advise it."

"Eh? How so? Why?" The somnambulist was rubbing his eyes and was now nearly awakened, the figure of himself in the mirror was still puzzling him, but was so recognizably himself that his position and divagations would presently be obvious to him.

"For the lady's sake, Hippisley, and your own peace of mind."

"Thou dost not mean to say. But I never thought. . . . It surely cannot . . . ? Impossible! Oh no, really!" Yet a heart-shaken conviction of the possibility of this very thing that he deprecated was oppressing his consciousness. His eyes opened widely for a moment and then closed tightly: the lips were indrawn and held, the nostrils quivered. Alas for the sleeper! his eager heart full of sweet compassions, he is pursuing some dimly realized form through a twilight, silent place of green boskage: she flits just out of reach nor turns her face: a rosy ear nestles amid dear, dark tendrils, a soft cheek, just seen,

trembles with some unknown trouble, a tear slips down its damask rondure. His tongue is clogged, his feet hampered, but his outstretched arms can almost reach her. He would protect, defend, uphold—*Click!*—a curtain runs up, and with dazed, blinking eyes unused to the glare of a new and unwelcome day, he finds his vision fled, and himself—can it be?—night-shirted and chilly (oh, the shame-scorch has yet to come) paddling bare-footed in the coffee-room amid the chairs of booted and coated strangers decorously surprised—a somnambulist taken in the act!

Reader, dost thou know the sensation of being caught out in a Wrong Thing: not merely suspected, but actually caught *flagrante delicto*, the stolen lollipops in thy very mouth, the purloined jam still gumming thy little larcenous fingers? (we will assume that the dereliction was childish and long ago). Was this experience ever thine? Then thou at least canst recall the breath-catching, tongue-parching, palsying sense of shame which overcomes the culprit thus taken, when his, or her, universe seems all eyes before and behind, and each family portrait upon the wall turns accusing glances upon the misdemeanant.

Friend Hippisley for one moment felt thus. The dear, good soul, who had lived so upright a life, had had no experience of the kind since his almost babyhood. To deny, to repudiate, hardly to face-down proof was outside his character. He accepted this revelation of himself as the Message from The Most High, and the messenger as his friend, cruel as was the wound to pride dealt by his hand.

"As bad as that?" muttered the rector, watching this visible distress, and as yet unaware of the wholly subjective struggles of which it was the outward expression. "She knows, I suppose?"

"That I pity her? I cannot say."

"'Pity'? Hippisley, this goes beyond pity; 'tis——"

"No, surely! What art thou saying? Yet, I do not know, for I never——"

"No? What, ye have *never*? Sir, 'tis amazing, but I take your word for it; but ye are in for it now. Trust me, we see some life, we parsons, and I too, alack—and all! am just a man"—a long shuddering sigh, which might partly have been the cold wind, which both had forgotten: it had worked round to them in their shelter. "Ye are not alone in this, my friend, by any means. And now, how stands it with ye?"

"Oh, *what* shall I say?"

"As little, or as much as ye will. I, too remember——"

So out it came, the pitifullest stuff, and surely the most innocent of any story of human passion. He had learned to listen for the closing and opening of the attic door. . . . Could tell her foot upon the floors overhead and upon the stair. Her voice raised in some brief snatch of song below at the wash-tub caught his breath, tugged at his heart-strings. No more! It had begun, he verily believed, with the child darning his stockings.

Tomlyn, pinching a pursed lip, heard and marvelled at any human being walking so foul a world with feet so little sullied. 'Twas the passion of a boy for some beautiful, grave, sorrow-stricken lady old enough to have been his mother. As clean, as mad, and ten times as dangerous.

Yes, dangerous. The patient had got a name for his complaint, and was conscious. Nature would be putting in a claim to its rights.

"It is but for a week—a week!" murmured poor Hippisley, brokenly.

"I must keep them apart for the time as much as may be," thought the rector. "Ye need change of thought, my friend. What say ye to accom-

panying me to Lambeth to see that uncial for yourself?—aye, and they have a hagiography there, an ordinary *Acts of St. Thomas of Canterbury* in fourteenth-century script, with something beneath which seems to me worth attention. Shall I call for ye this afternoon?"

"Friend Tomlyn, thou has been very good to me; hast helped me," said the other, thinking his own thoughts still. "I am somewhat shaken in myself and would know where I stand. Tell me, as man to man; thinkest thou that the Almighty condemns me in this?"

"In that ye began like a Samaritan and have ended as a man? Indeed I do think nothing of the sort of Him. Neither do I condemn ye, Hippisley: go in peace. And may God Almighty pardon us both."

They had stood long enough in the wind for both of them to have taken colds which neither could account for later, and parted in much friendship, staunch Protestants both, and equally unaware that they had participated in auricular confession, and that one had pronounced and the other accepted absolution.

CHAPTER IV.

THE SEVERING STRAND

The ice below bridge was loosening fast now, and Furley was nigh ready for sea.

During the ten days which yet remained to him, Hippisley, who had hitherto in his heart of hearts refused to believe in his young guest's departure, accepted the event, and bent himself to make that departure as pleasant to her as he might.

He saw but little of her, nor ever trusted himself alone in her company; but of her comfort during the voyage, and of her welfare and safety at the end of it, and of her possible return, he thought both by night and by day.

"This crew of thine, Thomas——?"

"A passable, stiddy lot, seemin'ly, Phanuel Hippisley, sir, all on 'em being Members of the Society of Friends, saving the cook, who be a professor of all religions, and the boy, what have none. But I lives in hopes of basting a little of the right sort into him atween Gravesend and Europa Point, God willing."

"And thou hast confidence in this mate of thine—I know nothing of him—Zabulon Sweetapple——?"

"Useful, just useful; I reckon we can dew with him. I knawn him years back. He've some navigation about him, which is apt to come in handy on the high seas. Likewise some skill in physick and yarbs (I b'lieves in yarb-tea, myself). Then, he's a perfessed bone-setter, and there's sense in that aboardship; for I've sin myself——" Furley related a gruesome experience of injuries and home-spun First Aid: "But he sorter died, all the same," he concluded, "so this here Anolinter-man might chance upon a job this v'yage, please God. He bain't azackly One of Us, as you might say, but talks Scripture surprisin'."

"I should like to make the man's acquaintance."

"Thee'll not do it to-day, I'm thinking, for he be off on a job of his own. Comes to me day afore yesterday and arsts me to spare him till to-night as is—seemed to make out as 'twas the end of the Age, and Mile-Endium was overdue, and that he must be there."

"Where?" asked Hippisley with interest.

"Mile End, to be sure. He'd figured it out proper; showed me sech a string o' figures and kalkilations as nigh turned me half silly. His Lord was a-coming and he must be on the spot for to meet Him in the air and what not. 'Are you often took so?' sez I. 'Never at sea,' sez he. 'That's lucky,' sez I, 'and we'll consider ourselves at sea now.' 'But we ain't east o' Graves-

end yet,' sez he, and made out as he'd prewved his kalkilations this time so as they was bound to come right. Now there's no answerin' a chap like that in port, so I gives 'um the tew days orf. . . . Hullo, why here a-be. back afore his time!"

A big, blue-coated man in breeches and cocked hat was coming over the side; his buckled shoes and brass buttons gave him a more commanderish appearance than did the frock to which Furley, in his Quaker zeal for simplicity, still adhered since his promotion to the poop. "Come aboard, sir," growled the newcomer surrily, and was going below to change when his skipper stayed him.

"Here's thy owner, Zabulon, Phanuel Hip'sl'y, as thee've heerd me tell about. Friend Hip'sl'y, this here be Zabulon Sweetapple, mate o' thy shlp. And oh, by the by, Zabulon, how went that job o' thine at Mile End?"

The mate's broad red face darkened. "If there's one thing as s'prises me more'n another, 'tis that some folksees can't mind *their own business*."

"And about the young person's cabin accommodation, Thomas?" said Hippisley, as the mate ducked under the after-deck.

"There be four locker-bunks below—one for she, one for he, and t'other two for me and my charts. See? Ah, yah, and I've stowed them cases o' stores as thee've sent aboard for her; quite a nicetish property—and——"

"Not at all. But there is a point I must settle with thee, and as well now as any time. Below will be best." They sought the cabin.

"I think it probable that Susan Tighe will fall of finding her husband at Gibraltar, Thomas, or, finding him, may hear her marriage and herself repudiated."

"My view tew," assented the captain.

"In which case I desire thee to do

thy utmost to bring her back to us again."

"Yigh, yigh; that's all werry well, Friend Hip'sly, but what if she refuses for to come? Gals be gals; and if so be as her man be there, 'tis odds as she'll stick and chance it."

"Poor things, are they so?" murmured Hippisley with commiseration for the weaknesses of his sister woman born of recent experiences, and a newly-gained knowledge of the soft places in his own heart. "Well, Thomas, I must trust to thy judgment. Which brings me to this; say she proves deaf to thy persuasion and declines to return, she must not be left without means. A little money—she will need it."

"She will that, poor soul; 'tis the root of all evil, but a gal alone in the world is none the worse for a bit off the end of it. 'Tis all the same as liquorice: a suck be a comfort to the throat; tew much be bad for ye."

But the owner was untying the complicated knots of a small and weighty parcel which he had hitherto entrusted to no handling but his own. "No . . . she must not be left without means. . . . Here are three hundred pounds, Thomas."

"A sight tew much, friend."

"I differ from thee. Here are three hundred pounds, I say, or thereabouts (we will tell it presently), which I place in thy hands to leave in hers at parting, if thou hast to part with her."

"But I hope for better things."

As he spoke, the brown oak fixture-table was growing opulent with rows of moldores, demi-moldores, and doubloons (current coin of the realm an it please you), rolls of Spanish pillar-dollars (pieces of eight), too, upon which the cretinous profile of the Bourbon was partially defaced by the warranty-mark of the Bank of England, a superimposed stamp of the royal features of King George within an escutcheon.

There were millions—actual, not rhetorical—of such in circulation, the prize-money of Anson's blue-jackets, the plunder of the privateers, stout Woodes Rogers and others. When a tall galleon struck, or a town was held to ransom, the victors made haste to divide the specie. By rights, no doubt, the cases should have gone to a prize-court for adjudication, and the bullion to the royal mint—then within the walls of the Tower of London—but such were the peculations and delays of these departments that a wise man troubled them as little as might be, and this demi-monde coinage, bearing the superscriptions of the Bank, or of some well-known firm, passed freely, not legal tender, maybe, but customary, and for foreign trade as good as any.

Furley squared his elbows and knit his bushy brows for the telling; the owner peeped half shyly into the little dark locker-bunk reserved for the lady, and for the first time realized the tightness and closeness of sea-quarters.

"Will she have room enough here, thinkest thou, Thomas?"

"Forty-five, forty-six. *'Room enow?'* Why, sartinly she will—there be room enow for *me* . . . Forty-seven—hi! a dud crown here!" He had driven a strong yellow dog-tooth through the layer of silver covering a base-metal core. There were many such fabrications afloat, for no jury would hang a man for forging the image and superscription of a Most Catholic Majesty with whom Protestant King George was at loggerheads.

"Bad, is it? Tut, tut, and has been stamped by the City itself. Very careless; but I'll exchange with thee." He drew another from his fob and tossed the other through the stern window. "I wish," said he, "I wish she may be comfortable—I somehow cannot think it."

And the day dawned, the inevitable day. Susan, loaded with more than she could possibly require, was embraced by the weeping Jemima at the Tower stairs; Jasper, the broad, snuffy lip none too steady, hovering in the background, a sorrowful little figure of mute sympathy. The rector was there too, having met the party on Tower Hill by—accident. He would dissuade his old friend from going down river in the wherry, or accompany him if persuasions failed. There should be no weakness at the last.

Together they saw the child on board; saw too the brig's head-sails fill, and watched her take the ebb and fade away down the reach on her way to Sheerness, whence a strong escort would guard the East Coast convoy as far as its rendezvous at Falmouth.

And the wherry with the two old men in its stern-sheets came slowly up-river again, against wind and tide; slowly and very sorrowfully, for light and youth and a sweet young spirit had passed out of their lives. Susan was gone.

This is the worst of entertaining angels. The white creature folds its wings and deigns to inhabit with us for a season, and, because of it, there broods a blessing upon the house, and peace is in all our borders. Like Israel of old, we have light in our dwelling. The very bow-pots are full of bloom, and there is fragrance from attic to basement.

And then, too soon, we find that our heavenly visitant is ours for a visit only, has a life to live elsewhere, and business upon those white hands; and one morning the bed is cold and vacant, the lattice wide, and the Bird of God is gone!

Possibly Phanuel Hippisley was thinking such thoughts as these, whilst the watermen lay to their oars, and the running ebb rattled under the wherry's bows. Gloomy and dull would

be his rooms in Catherine Court without her, those rooms where the blacks settled upon his pillow as he slept, and upon the page as he read. He had not noticed them before her coming, but now—the blacks seemed falling upon his heart.

His lips moved with soundless fragments of the *Alkestis*. The dim old eyes swam with water that was not due to the warm west wind they were meeting. They overlooked the wharves and the tiers of shipping and the lighters running down with the brown current, but saw only a little face that they would see thus and no otherwise until they closed in death.

"Old man's love. It burneth to the bone."

The rector watched his man in a wise silence.

And, now, are you a-weary of my twin fogeys? And is this the place to drop them out of my story? The old, as we know, must go; *vixerunt*—they have lived their lives; the horse is at the door for them. Youth is hot, and impatient, and will be served.

And yet, and yet, for the life of me I cannot find it in my heart to treat the twain as supers and mere upholstery. They were so very real to themselves (and to the God who made them). Even the elderly and the unpicturesque have their rights, and with your leave or without it, I will round off my friends' stories as well as I may, and those who want to be skipping shall betake them to their ropes, and be welcome. It shall not run to more than a page.

For, look you, the Rev. Eustace Tomlyn came out well, and it behoves to tell how that he, minded to provide a distraction for the brooding heart of his friend, besought his judgement upon a certain MS. in the library of Lambeth Palace, and got it. Also how this MS. grew to be MSS. and a

widening circle of interest. Item, how the twain got access to a certain neglected muniment chamber heaped with the fusty illegibility of the southern Province, "difficult to read, impossible to understand, and disgusting to handle," yellow bundles of returns, the dust thick upon their greasy upper surfaces, but fair and creamy within. It was here that Hippiisley descried those faint gray lines of half-erased Greek cursive crossing and underlying the dog Latin of some long-dead archdeacon, a trouvaille clean overlooked by generations of snuffy, non-resident, sinecure librarians, whose existence, like Porson's in similar circumstances, could be inferred from their receipts for salary, never by services rendered. Time would fail me to tell how this pair of strangely matched yoke-fellows spent delightful years at this business, absorbed, secretive, glanced at askance by Quakerism upon the one hand and orthodoxy upon the other, until their joint *Thesaurus* saw the light, and commentators caught sudden breaths of wonder at the two old scholars, who had recovered three lost epistles of St. Miletos of Sardis, and an extraordinarily early and perfectly spurious Gospel, attributing itself to Thomas the Twin, but betraying the hand of Marcion. For this and more I refer you to the palæographers. But for the inner life of the two you must come to

me. By gradual degrees, or rather by a series of small plunges, the men found themselves in closer social contact. 'Twas highly unprofessional upon both their parts, but what would you? Upon the score of mere convenience, the rector in the middle of a stiff piece of exegesis must sup with the dissenter at No. 6; whilst the Quaker learned his way up the steep staircase of St. Olave's rectory at the west end of the church. (No. 8, Hart Street, to-day, and let out as offices, a staircase worth visiting, for every baluster and newell is delightful and quaintly twisty.)

I would have you then conceive them, deep in this business (a curate running the parish, and Jasper Tutty, assisted by a promising nephew, husbanding the brigs of the Hippiisley fleet), wholly and utterly absorbed, collating, deciphering, eking out, reading in, recovering, suggesting (oh, the delights of it!) cheek by jowl in perfect amity; the occasional incidence of a church-rate troubling the distraining rector much, and the distrained-upon victim not at all, and the former sorrowing over the final doom of his unbaptized friend, who, for his part, faced the prospect with perfect equanimity.

And there we may leave them both. God bless them. Amen!

Ashton Hilliers.

(To be continued.)

REMINISCENCES OF PRINCE ITO.

In May 1869 I arrived in Yokohama for the first time, to join the staff of her Majesty's Legation as student interpreter, and as in duty bound immediately reported myself to the late Sir Harry Parkes, H.M. Minister, who then resided in Yokohama, though the Chancery and the residences of the ma-

jority of the large staff of the Legation were in the capital, twenty miles distant. Sir Harry Parkes was on my arrival busy with his despatches, and left me with a Japanese gentleman in the ante-room, a samurai, dressed in the long-sleeved surcoat and wide, flowing trousers which were the distinctive

dress of his class. His sword lay on the table before him, the handle turned away from him. He was introduced to me as Mr. Ito, and to my surprise he spoke to me in the fluent and idiomatic language of an educated Englishman, and in the half-hour in which we were together showed that he had a considerable acquaintance with English life. One of the frequent occasions of the period had just occurred in which relations were strained between the treaty representatives—at the head of whom, immeasurably beyond all his colleagues in energy, influence, and capacity, was Sir Harry Parkes—and the Japanese Government. A conventional right of foreigners, tenaciously insisted upon, was that of riding without interference on the Tokaido, the great high-road between Tokio and Kioto, which passed outside Yokohama. The Emperor had just previously passed along this road attended by an immense escort on his way from Kioto to his new capital, and the road was thronged with the processions of Court officials and their trains following the Emperor. While riding on it the British consul and the captain of the British flagship on the station were forced by the armed guards of one of the processions to dismount from their horses and to stand humbly at the roadside while the procession passed. This incident, trifling in itself, was seriously viewed by the treaty representatives. A formal apology was demanded for it from the Government, and pending the receipt of this apology, which was subsequently made, Sir Harry Parkes refused to transact any ordinary diplomatic business. Ito was then a Vice-Minister of the Board of Works. He had come to Yokohama to consult Sir Harry Parkes on some matter connected with his department, but the latter refused to say a word on the subject. Instead, he spoke in strong

terms of the insecurity of the foreign residents in Japan, recalling, as he did so, the burning of the British Legation at Gotenyama by Japanese political incendiaries, the bombardment of Shimonoseki, and other incidents of our previous intercourse.

As Ito left the Legation to ride back to Tokio he passed at the doorway the armed sentry of the Minister's personal cavalry guard; at the gate he passed another armed sentry, and he could see a complete cordon of sentries on duty around the grounds. A few hundred yards further on his way led him through the centre of the garrison of British troops—an entire battalion of the 10th Regiment of the Line, Artillery, Engineers, and Commissariat, a small army in itself, quartered in barracks that were provided at the cost of the Japanese Government. Yet a little further and he passed the barracks of the French *Infanterie de Marine*, a smaller garrison than the British, but comprising over three hundred men and officers. In the foreign settlement he passed at all the outlets guards of British and French soldiers whose orders were to prevent the ingress of any Japanese of his own rank in life.

The only European residents in Tokio at the time were the staff of the British Legation and half a dozen teachers of different nationalities in a school of foreign languages. Here again the Legation had its armed British guard, and outside its walls a large Japanese guard was posted. The work of the centralization of the new Government was in its infancy. About half the territorial nobles had returned their fiefs to the Emperor, but the national treasury was empty and the collection of an Imperial revenue had scarcely begun. Disaffection was still prevalent throughout the whole Empire. There was neither a regular army nor a naval or mercantile marine.

Neither postal, telegraphic, nor railway systems had any existence, and the whole industrial capacity of the nation was sufficient to supply very little more than its own requirements.

Humiliated by the presence of foreign troops on its soil, divided in its councils, impotent in military strength, almost bankrupt in finance, with new and untried leaders totally inexperienced in the science of government and equally ignorant of the rights and obligations of international law, no country could have presented a more unpromising outlook nor have afforded less hope of greatness in the future than did Japan on that May day of 1869, to the ambitious young statesman on his ride back to Tokio after his fruitless interview with the British Minister.

The late Prince Ito was born in Choshu, one of the most wealthy and powerful of the feudal fiefs. His father was one of several thousand samurai, the feudal retainers of the lord of the fief, gentlemen entitled to bear arms and vested with the monopoly of using them in their lord's service. The father gave some promise of the greater abilities which characterized his son. He rose to the command of a battalion and to what may be termed the quartermaster-generalship of the Choshu forces, and on one occasion was entrusted with a confidential mission to the Court at Kioto similar to that which fell to the son in later years. The son therefore started in life with some social advantage beyond that of birth from his father's prestige. He enjoyed a still further advantage from the fact that he was, in his early years, a pupil of Yoshida Shoin, one of the most prominent figures in the intellectual life of Japan at the period immediately antecedent to the arrival of Commodore Perry.

When he reached his twentieth year Ito's training, intellect, and character

found the recognition they merited. He was chosen to proceed with other fellow clansmen to the capital of the Shogun (then called Yedo) in order to investigate the ways and customs of the foreigners who had in defiance of ancient law been admitted by the Shogun to residence in Japan, and the Shogun's dealings with those foreigners. The Imperial Court at Kioto was bitterly opposed, to the concessions the Shogun had made. The Lord of Choshu was equally bitter in his indignation at the degradation to which the country had been subjected. The youthful Ito was in heartfelt sympathy with his lord's opinions, and his sentiment soon led him into active measures.

Armed attacks by bands of Conservative fanatics had been twice made on the British Legation at Tokio, with the object of destroying the Legation and murdering the inmates. After the second attack all the treaty representatives demanded that a site should be assigned for their residences, the situation of which should render it easy of defence. The site chosen by them was Gotenyama, "the hill of the palace," a table-land of slight elevation but extensive surface on the western suburbs of Yedo, overlooking Shinagawa Bay, a place not only of great natural and cultivated beauty, but of strong strategic capabilities. Historical associations and present conditions combined to render this spot specially dear to all Japanese hearts. The palace in which the Shogun was accustomed to receive the territorial magnates on their annual visits to the capital originally stood upon it, but for several generations it had been used as a public park and was the favorite resort of all the citizens of the capital. Trampling in their ignorance and autocracy over every sentiment of Japanese tradition and public right, the treaty representatives extorted the con-

cession of this site from the weak ministers of the Shogun. The people were excluded from their historic pleasure-grounds; the cherry-trees and firs which had beautified these grounds for centuries were ruthlessly swept away, and the erection of the Legation buildings proceeded with. That for the British Legation was completed when a final appeal was made by the Government for the rendition of the site. The appeal was in vain, but the buildings were never occupied. A number of samurai invaded the place, set fire to the buildings at several points simultaneously, and the whole were burnt to the ground.

The incendiaries were well known, though their names were never published. One of them was the young Ito, and it was to this incident that Sir Harry Parkes referred on the occasion on which I first saw him. In after-life, when everything was changed and Ito was high in official authority, he sometimes spoke of this incident, if not with pride, certainly without a particle of shame in his own share in it, and no European with the knowledge we now possess of the circumstances of the period can, even if he condemns the act, refuse his sympathy to the hot-headed young swordsmen who perpetrated it.

On his return to Choshu, Ito reported to his lord that it was only by acquiring foreign methods and science that the Japanese could ever hope to effect the expulsion of the barbarians. One immediate result followed. The military system of the clan was remodelled. Recruits were enlisted, not as hitherto exclusively from the samurai, but from commoners of good physique. Light clothing was substituted for armor, rifles for swords and spears; drill and discipline were taught, and an army was speedily formed which, a few years later, proved its value by defeating the incomparably more numer-

ous forces of the Shogun and saving the fief from invasion.

The desire for knowledge increases with its acquisition, and so it was both with the lord of Choshu, his high officers, and Ito and his associates. They wished to learn still more of foreigners, and this could only be done by visiting them in their own land. To leave the shores of Japan was a capital offence, the discovery of which would be rigorously punished with the last penalty. Ito and four fellow clansmen resolved to brave this penalty. Their lord could not openly countenance them—to have done so would have been to risk the material ruin of himself and his high officers—but with his connivance, with means secretly provided by him, they were able, with the assistance of a British merchant, to secretly embark at midnight on a British ship at Yokohama, and in her to reach Shanghai. The story has often been told of the further progress to England of Ito and his lifelong friend and fellow clansman Inouye, and is a romantic one. Both, in their ambition to learn practical seamanship and navigation, worked their way on board an English sailing-ship throughout the long and stormy voyage round the Cape, sharing the ordinary food and accommodation of the sailors before the mast.

They passed a year in study in England, and then one morning they read in the *Times* of the threatened bombardment of Shimonoseki, the seaport of their native fief. Knowing now the hopelessness of a single clan of the Empire attempting to resist the united naval strength of the allied Powers, they hastened back to Japan, where they had to return in the same secrecy as they had left, in the hope of saving their lord from the ruin which his haughty conservatism threatened to bring upon him. Their efforts failed. The bombardment took place. Both

Ito and Inouye narrowly escaped death at the hands of infuriated fellow clansmen, maddened by their defeat, and both became lost to European view for over three years. During these years the Civil War, which culminated in the overthrow of the Shogun, was fought with the utmost bitterness on both sides. Both Ito and Inouye served as soldiers in the earlier stages of the war. Ito fought under the command of Takasugi Shunski, a prominent Choshu leader, when an attack on the fief was attempted from the sea. Inouye was associated in command with Omura Masujiro, one of the most distinguished generals of the revolution. In a counter-invasion of the territory of clans hostile to Choshu. The great constructive statesman, and the almost equally great diplomatist and financier, both, in early years, had a share in active military service on which one, who made soldiering his life-long trade, might well look back with pride.

In 1867 a British man-of-war happened to call at Shimonoseki. Mr. Aston, of her Majesty's Consular Service, was on board, and a Japanese came to him and asked his influence to obtain a passage to Hiogo. The passage was given, but when the ship arrived at Hiogo, and was boarded by the local authorities, all still officials of the Shogun, the presence had to be explained of the Japanese passenger, and he was represented to be Mr. Aston's teacher of the language. The passenger was Ito, who thus renewed his acquaintance with the English. He had once more been entrusted with a mission by his chief, this time one full of peril, for it was to act as a medium between his own chief and the nobles of the Emperor's court who were antagonistic to the Shogun. Kioto was still held by the Shogun. He was still the guardian of the Emperor, and had Ito's presence been discovered the fate of a spy awaited him. He was, how-

ever, not discovered. He passed safely through the fighting forces of both sides, and performed his mission with success to his object and to himself.

The port of Hiogo (Kobe) was opened to foreign trade and residence on January 1, 1868. Four days later the leaders of the revolution expelled from their posts the adherents of the Shogun, who had hitherto formed the guards of the Imperial palace at Kioto, and replaced them by their own retainers. The dispossessed troops made a vigorous effort to regain their position at the palace, but were defeated in a series of fiercely fought engagements, and all the administrative authority of the Shogun was at an end. His officials, who were charged with the government of the newly opened port of Hiogo, fled from their posts and left absolute chaos behind them. Numerous foreigners had already arrived, eager to commence business. Not only was there no authority to partition among them the land that had been assigned as their settlement, no custom house, no warehouses, but their position was one of imminent personal danger. Stragglers from the defeated troops were wandering all around full of bitterness. The Imperial troops were imbued with hatred of all foreign intercourse, and had fought with the idea that their success meant the expulsion of foreigners from Japan. No higher manifestation of their patriotism could be given than that which would be afforded by the slaughter of even one foreigner, to no nobler use could their swords be devoted. One company opened fire on the settlement. Another slaughtered not far off a whole boat's crew of French bluejackets. Foreigners had to protect themselves. Hiogo was like a camp in time of war. A large garrison was landed from the ships of war. Breastworks, mounted with field-guns, were thrown up all around the settlement,

sentries and patrols were everywhere. The new Government had not a single officer in its service with the smallest experience in the administration of the treaties or regulations under which foreign intercourse and trade were conducted or in the organization of customs and land offices. They found, however, in the Choshu envoy one who knew foreigners and their ways, who spoke English fluently, who could be trusted to remedy the lack of administrative experience by quick and comprehensive intelligence, and Ito was appointed the first Governor of Hiogo under the Imperial Government. The judgment of the Government was more than justified by the results, and the foundations were speedily laid on a secure basis of what has since become the greatest commercial port in the Far East.

One year was sufficient for the completion of Ito's task at Hiogo, and he was transferred to the central Government at Tokio. The two master minds in the Government then were Okubo and Kido, both of the same rank in life as Ito, the first a samurai of the Satsuma clan, and the latter, like Ito, of that of Choshu. These two statesmen were the founders of modern Japan, the destroyers of the spirit of commercial and constitutional isolation and of the feudal system that choked the freedom and progress of the nation, the creators of the first germs of constitutionalism. But in every step that they took they consulted their younger colleague, and in many instances they acted on his initiative. Kido died in 1877. In 1878 Okubo met with the same tragic fate as Ito was destined to do thirty-one years later, not at the hands of strangers, but of his own countrymen. Their removal left Ito the leading statesman in the councils of the Emperor, the only possible head of the executive Government. His subsequent career was

that of Japan herself. He was the acknowledged leader in every onward step she took in the paths of progress and reform. In every incident, both of domestic and international policy, he took a prominent share. When occasion called for missions to be sent abroad, either for the elaborate investigation of Western institutions or for the transaction of delicate diplomatic questions, he was invariably chosen either as the head or as a prominent member of the mission. In 1870 he went to the United States to study banking. In 1871 he was one of the historic embassy of Iwakura, and though the junior of its five chief members, he struck out a line for himself and utilized his knowledge of English to pursue an independent course of investigation. In the frequent complications that occurred with China, while China was still considered to be a formidable military Power, he was usually the envoy to Peking, and Li Hung Chang yielded to his persuasive and winning personality in making concessions that no other Japanese could have obtained. He spent the years 1882 to 1884 in investigating the constitutional systems of European Governments, antecedent to the preparation of the constitution of Japan, a duty specially imposed upon him by his Emperor, which he carried to triumphant success, a success which at first seemed to threaten his own undoing. In the first Parliament that met in Japan the controlling motive of the lower House was that of fractious and intolerant opposition to the executive Government and to Ito as its responsible head, and it seemed as if he had feathered the arrows which were destined to pierce his own breast. But he had had the foresight to create a peerage and a House of Peers. Over this chamber his personal influence was such that, in the language of a leading political journal of the time, "the wild-

est and most intractable horse among the Peers becomes passively obedient the moment Ito cracks his whip."

The last occasion on which I met Prince Ito was at the conclusion of his visit to England in January 1902. He was then high in the peerage, had been four times Prime Minister, and, in or out of office, he was the trusted and confidential adviser of his Sovereign, and was acknowledged to be the leader of the nation, even by his most truculent political antagonists. The night prior to his departure from our shores a small dinner-party was given in his honor by Viscount Hayashi, then Japanese Minister, at which Lord Lansdowne, Lord Roberts, and all the senior members of the staff of the Foreign Office were present. During the evening Lord Lansdowne announced that the King had conferred on him the Order of the Bath, the highest English honor that can be given to a foreign citizen not of royal family. The terms of the alliance had been finally settled during his stay, and the treaty only awaited signature. The great Power of the West, whose diplomatic representative in Japan thirty-three years previously had refused to discuss with him a trifling detail, who had taunted him with the barbarism of his country, had now given the very highest mark of her appreciation of his own services and of the strength and civilization of his country. Throughout the long interval I enjoyed a close degree of his friendship and had the fullest opportunity of forming an opinion of his character. The most prominent feature in it was indomitable moral and physical courage. No responsibility was ever shirked by him. He never wavered a hair's breadth in carrying out the reforms that he thought essential in the interests of his country. When yielding to the menace of the three Powers in the aban-

donment of the fruits of the China War he knew that he was outraging the patriotism of his countrymen, that he was exposing himself to a crushing burden of national odium, but that did not deter him for a moment from the path of duty. In early life he gave ample proof of his courage as a soldier.

For many years—especially through those following his elevation to the Premiership in 1886—he was in constant danger of assassination. His house was guarded by skilled swordsmen day and night, and himself equally guarded out of doors. He had the fate not only of his great leader Okubo, but of many less-known reformers, before his eyes, and yet he never faltered, but steadily pursued the path before him, under conditions which shattered the iron nerves of Cromwell.

He possessed a keen sense of humor, to which he gave full play, and humor and frankness combined to make him the most genial of companions. He was an omnivorous reader, and his memory was wonderful in its preciseness and scope, both of what he had read and what he had seen; he was not only able to recall details of incidents of more than a decade's age, but possessed the royal attribute of remembering through a long interval of separation, not only the faces and names but even the personal associations of those whom he called his friends.

He was honest, unselfish, and grateful. With unlimited opportunities of acquiring wealth he was comparatively a poor man. He never grudged to his subordinates their share in his own glory, and never forgot those who helped him. History may give him a place among the constructive statesmen of the world no less distinguished than those of Washington, Cavour, or Bismarck. He will be enshrined in the memories of his contemporaries as a brave, modest, kind, and courteous gentleman.

Joseph H. Longford.

THE GERMAN EMPEROR AND THE THEATRE.

The theatre has always been the plaything of monarchs. They, who are always on the world's stage, playing to the parquet of the people, find a pleasing relaxation in being able to become spectators for the nonce and watch the stage-kings and queens strutting the boards in the dignity lent them for the brief span of an evening. The fact that, in most Continental countries at any rate, the royal theatre is maintained by the Privy Purse with the aid of a State grant, enhances for the ruler the attraction exercised by the theatre in the case of less exalted mortals by the consciousness that he has a booth of living puppets ready to dance and declaim at his bidding.

While most sovereigns have not got beyond regarding the theatre as a recreation from the arduous labors of monarchy, the German Empire has presented the spectacle of two princes who have taken a serious business-like interest in the stage. These are the present German Emperor and the reigning Duke of Saxe-Meiningen. The results of the latter's life-long devotion to the drama are too well known to be here recapitulated; besides the influence of the Duke's world-famed Meiningen players has made itself felt in every capital visited by them on their triumphant tour, and still holds its own against the modern trend towards realism. Of the fruitfulness of the Kaiser's efforts on behalf of the theatre, public opinion, as in the case of most public acts of this remarkable man, is chiefly divided because so little authentic on the subject is known. It shall be the endeavor of the writer to lift the veil a little and show the German Emperor in yet another rôle, that of stage-manager and play-producer.

The interest of the Hohenzollerns in the theatre is hereditary. Most of William II.'s predecessors on the throne of Prussia have manifested it, some in a platonic, others in a more tender form. There was the great dancer Barberini, whose twinkling little feet vanquished great Frederick, the all-conquering, and whose pretty face still smiles on the visitor from half a dozen frescoes on the walls of the Barberini Room at Sans Souci. King Frederick William III. was a great theatre-goer, if we are to believe what, as the faithful *Buschlein* records, Bismarck once said about him. The old King used to drive seven times a week from the Pfaueninsel (his summer villa on the Havel, near Potsdam), or the palace at Potsdam, to the theatre in Berlin "in order to see worthless pieces, and afterwards to go behind the scenes and chuck the actresses under the chin and then drive back the long dusty road he came." The present Emperor's interest in the theatre is, it is needless to say, of a more serious order. He regards it only as another means of elevating the public mind and cultivating those qualities of patriotism and loyalty which stand highest in his eyes.

The strongly-marked sense of the effective and the dramatic in the character of William II. makes it only natural that he should be strongly attracted to the stage. Almost any one of his speeches, with their daring similes, their ardent language, and, above all, their ever-recurrent emphasis of the Imperial Ego, shows to what a large extent he possesses the actor temperament. His strenuous character and his dominating personality impel him to give effect to his taste for the theatrical, and it is therefore not surprising that his *Schaffensdrang*, his creative

passion, should express itself in his relations to the stage. Indeed, for a correct comprehension of the Emperor's complex character it is necessary to realize that a salient point is his quite remarkable capability as a stage-manager.

A favorite theme of the jeremiads in Parliament and Press in Germany about the evils of the personal *régime* is the transition from the simple ways of the first Emperor's court to the era of fanfares and pageantry of the second William. This is but a result of the stage-manager element in the Kaiser. One might almost say that every public ceremony in modern Germany bears the imprint of his hand. He is not content with occupying the centre of the stage, but insists that the supers and scenery shall be up to the mark, so that the whole production may create a lasting impression on the minds of the beholders. When the average Englishman, accustomed to the staid note of many of the functions attended by Royalty in England, reads over his eggs and toast at breakfast a report of some perfervid speech of the Kaiser, he cannot be expected to realize how well the Emperor's speeches accord with the circumstances of their delivery. Take, for instance, the ceremony of the swearing-in of the Berlin recruits, which is held at the end of October each year, and at which the Kaiser has made some of his most remarkable utterances. Gray is the color scheme of it all. Berlin is wearing its winter dress of gray, and blending with the grayness of the weather-beaten buildings of Unter den Linden the gray-coated Guardsmen stretch away in rigid masses. In the middle stands a field-altar flanked with stacked drums, by it a gray figure—*der Kaiser*. In this solemn atmosphere the Supreme War Lord's earnest words of admonition of the sanctity of the oath, sworn before God and himself, do not

fall of their impression on the peasant recruits.

It is the Emperor, too, who has revived the Frederician tradition in Prussia, and who has established a body-guard at the Berlin Castle, dressed in Frederician uniforms and commanded by a sergeant bearing a pike. Again, it was he who arranged the delightful surprise for Adolf von Menzel, the venerable painter who reconstituted on canvas the glories of Frederick the Great and his times.

It had come to the Kaiser's knowledge that von Menzel, who was engaged on his now famous picture "The Flute Concert at Sans Souci," had applied for permission to the custodian of the palace to be allowed to make a sketch of King Frederick's music-room by candle-light, and had been refused. One day von Menzel received an invitation to a *Gartenfest* at Sans Souci, and, on arriving at the gate of the park, was astonished to be greeted by the Emperor, wearing the uniform of Frederick's principal adjutant, and made up to represent him. The old painter, who was thoroughly versed in the history of Frederick the Great, immediately entered into the spirit of the thing, and addressed the Kaiser by the adjutant's name (which escapes me). Von Menzel was conducted to the music-room, where he found a living representation of his picture by the light of innumerable candles. The entire Court, including the Empress, took part in the *tableau vivant*, which was the idea of the Emperor, and entirely carried out under his direction.

With this proclivity, therefore, for the theatrical in real life, it is obvious that the stage offers the Emperor a ready means for indulging his predilection for pageantry and display. And the means are there to hand. As King of Prussia, William II. is the owner of the Royal Prussian Theatres, *Königliche Schauspiele*, of which there are

six, three in Berlin and one each at Wiesbaden, Cassel, and Hanover. The theatres are an heirloom of the King of Prussia, who receives a State grant for their maintenance, but has to make up the inevitable deficit out of his own pocket. It will be instructive for those who are in favor of a national theatre in England to learn that the Prussian Ministry of the Interior sets aside yearly £125,000 for the Royal theatres in Berlin alone, which sum is made up to £147,500 out of the Privy Purse. The annual deficit on this total, however, is seldom less than £15,000, and this the Emperor has to make good as well.

The Royal theatres in Berlin are the Royal Opera, the Theatre Royal (corresponding somewhat to the Comédie Française), and the Royal Operetta Theatre, where Mr. Tree and his company played some years ago when they were in Berlin. Up to quite recently the Emperor devoted his interest mainly to the Royal Theatre at Wiesbaden, at which a special festival, lasting three days—the so-called Wiesbadener Festspiele—is held annually. The Kaiser, who is the directing spirit, never fails to attend. His interest in the Wiesbaden theatre arose from the circumstance that its manager was George von Hülsen, a friend of his youth and brother of his personal aide-de-camp, Count von Hülsen-Haeseler, whose tragic death at Donaueschingen contributed to the settlement of last year's crisis. Some years ago Herr von Hülsen was transferred to Berlin in the capacity of *General Intendant der Königlichen Schauspiele*, and since then the Emperor has concentrated his attention mainly on the Berlin Opera and Theatre Royal.

The Kaiser's general manager receives a handsome house free and the comparatively moderate salary of £900 per annum. The post is no sinecure, despite a numerous staff of assistants,

business aides, and stage-managers, for he is directly responsible to his Imperial master for the business of the Royal houses, and, consequently, for the amount of the annual deficit. However, a goodly part of this responsibility is taken off the shoulders of the general manager by the Emperor himself, who is ever to the fore with suggestions for new plays and revivals.

One of the principal contributory causes of the opposition to the personal régime in Germany is its activity in the domain of art, and without going more deeply into this wide subject, it may be said that in the drama too the Kaiser seeks to promote those didactic aims which have met with such an unqualified rejection in the field of painting and sculpture from the large majority of his subjects. He made a full confession of his views on the theatre in an address which he delivered to the actors of the Royal theatres on the occasion of the tenth anniversary of his accession, June 16th, 1898, when he said:—

Ten years ago when I came to the throne I emerged from the school of Idealism in which my father had brought me up. I was of the opinion that the Royal Theatre was primarily destined to foster among our people that Idealism in which, thank God, they are still so rich, and which still abundantly springs in warm waves in their hearts. I was of the conviction, and had firmly resolved, that the Royal Theatre must be an instrument of the monarch, like school and university, whose mission it is to develop and prepare the growing generation for the work of preserving the highest intellectual possession of our splendid German Fatherland. Just in this way the theatre ought to contribute to the development of the mind and character and to the ennoblement of moral views. The theatre, also, is one of my weapons.

It is my heartfelt wish to express to you all my sincerest, deepest, most cordial Royal thanks for the readiness

with which you have undertaken this task. You have fully realized the lofty expectations which I cherished with regard to the members of my Opera and my Theatre.

It is the duty of a monarch to occupy himself with the theatre, as I have seen by the example of my dear departed father and grandfather, simply because it can be an enormous power in his hand; and I thank you for having succeeded in fostering and interpreting in so pre-eminent a fashion our splendid and beautiful language, and the creations of our intellectual heroes and those of other nations.

I thank you, moreover, for having followed all my suggestions and wishes. I am delighted to be able to say that all countries follow with attention the activity of the Royal Theatres, and look to your achievements with admiration. I cherish the firm conviction that the pains and labors which you have expended on your productions have not been in vain.

I now beg you to continue to stand by me, each in his way and in his position, to serve the spirit of Idealism with steadfast confidence in God, and to pursue the combat against materialism and un-German ways, into which many a German stage has unfortunately already fallen. So stand fast in this struggle, and hold out in loyal endeavor. Be assured that I shall always watch your achievements, and that you may be certain of my gratitude, my care, and my recognition.

The German is, as a rule, indulgent to those who rule him, but, in this matter of art and the drama, he stands no nonsense. Accordingly, the plays favored by his Majesty and produced with a profusion of historical detail serve rather to keep the Berliner out of the Royal Theatres, with corresponding effect on the box-office receipts and on Herr von Hülsen's sleep at night. It is unfortunately true that the Emperor's theory makes for perfervid patriotism rather than literary merit. The plays he puts on the stage, many of which are written to order, mostly

deal with the deeds of the House of Hohenzollern or the former rulers of Germany. The Imperial predilection for this species of play has given birth to a school of patriotic playwrights, the principal of these being Josef Lauff, an ex-Artillery officer, who abandoned gunnery for literature on the strength of success gained by some interesting romances of country life on the lower Rhine. For several years Lauff was the main purveyor of patriotism for the Wiesbaden "Festsplele," and it was on a libretto taken from his patriotic play "Friedrich Eisenbahn," dealing with an ancestor of the Electors of Brandenburg, that Leoncavallo wrote at the Emperor's request the opera "Der Roland von Berlin," which, after emptying the Berlin Opera House for successive nights, has now sunk to a well-merited oblivion. An anecdote about this play, the truth of which can be vouched for, aptly illustrates the frame of mind with which the Emperor approaches the theatre. Friedrich Eisenbahn is a citizen of Berlin who heads a furious revolt against the Elector of Brandenburg. In order to account for Eisenbahn's bitter hate, which in the play as produced remains unexplained, Lauff wove in a love theme. The wife of Ryke, Burgomaster of Berlin, figured as Eisenbahn's mistress, and she egged on her lover to hostility against the Elector because the latter had hanged her brothers, the Quitzows, the notorious Brandenburg freebooters. When the play was submitted in MS. to the Emperor to read he cut out the whole of this episode, giving his objections in a marginal note, pencilled in his characteristic big upright handwriting, to the following effect: "*Eine Courtisane kommt in einem Hohenzollernstück nicht vor.*" (A courtesan has no place in a Hohenzollern play.)

So sanguine is the Emperor of the beneficial effect which the theatre is

capable of producing on the masses that in 1907 he inaugurated a series of workmen's performances at the Royal Operetta Theatre at which only severely classical plays of the stirring order were given, such as Schiller's "Wilhelm Tell," Goethe's "Götz von Berlichingen," Kleist's "Friedrich Prinz von Homburg." The general public were not admitted to these productions, tickets, at very reduced rates, being sent in batches to the various workmen's institutes. Such was the success that 200,000 applications were made for the ten performances given last winter.

The essence of the patriotic plays produced under his Majesty's supervision is what the Social Democrats call "Hurra-Patriotism." Like Nicholas Nickleby and Vincent Crummies' real pump the playwrights enjoying Imperial patronage have to write their plays around a definite object, the throne. The "Hohenzollernstücke," to quote his Majesty's own phrase, seek to show the monarch in an ideal light, as the father of his people, the Elect of God, "*unbeirrt*" by such modern inventions as constitutions and parliaments, diffusing a ray of mild beneficence from the throne. Some incident, generally historical, runs through the play, which ends in the triumph of Right and the apotheosis of monarchy, *i.e.*, Hohenzollernism amid a blaze of scenic splendor, brilliant dresses and flashing accoutrements. These plays call for little acting but make great demands on the *Régisseur*, and it is just this office that the Kaiser discharges with the most conspicuous success. The finer nuances of acting do not interest him or encounter from him the same recognition as from George of Saxe-Meiningen. What William II. loves is a stage full of supers, a scene like the March of the Priests in "Aida," or the Entry of the Guests in "Tannhäuser."

At present the Emperor takes most

interest in the Berlin Opera. The Opera House is but a stone's throw from the Castle and he can easily run in and conduct rehearsals. It is entirely owing to his unflagging efforts that the productions at the Berlin Opera have attained to such a pitch of perfection in everything that concerns mounting, so that the revivals of "Aida" and "Les Huguenots" are now regarded as standing without a rival both for the historical accuracy of the dresses and the richness and taste of the setting. When the rehearsals of a play, in which the Kaiser is interested, are under way, he loses no time in going to the theatre to see whether the instructions which he has appended to the stage directions in the MS. are being properly carried out. Some morning when the vast stage of the Opera is humming with activity the well-known primrose-colored motor car will drive up to the entrance, and the Emperor, accompanied only by a single adjutant, will emerge. In three minutes William II. will be seated at a big business-like table placed in the stalls, before him a pile of paper and an array of pencils. When he is in the house there is no doubt whatever in anybody's mind as to who is conducting the rehearsal. His General Manager stands at his side in the darkened auditorium and conveys his Majesty's instructions to the stage, for the Kaiser never interrupts the actors himself. He makes a sign to von Hülsen, scribbles a note on a sheet of paper, while the manager, who is the pattern of unruffled suavity, just raises his hand and the performance ceases abruptly. There is a confabulation, the Emperor explaining, with that wealth of gesture peculiar to him, his views on the grouping of the supers, the positions of the principals, the dresses, the uniforms, the arms, using anything, pencil, penholder, or even his sword, to illustrate his meaning. Again and again up to a

dozen times the supers will be put through their paces until the Imperial *Régisseur* is entirely satisfied that a dramatic effect has been obtained. All those who have been privileged to witness this Imperial stage-manager at work agree in asserting that the Kaiser possesses a most remarkable *flair* for the dramatic. Very often one of his suggestions about an entrance, a piece of "business," or a pose, will be found on trial to enhance considerably the effect of the scene. A story is told illustrative of the Emperor's insistence on accuracy and the minute attention he pays to details at rehearsal. After his visit to Ofen-Pest some years ago for the jubilee celebrations, which had included a number of Hungarian national dances, the Kaiser stopped a rehearsal of the ballet at the Berlin Opera while a Czardas was in progress and pointed out to the *balletteuses* certain minor details which were not correct.

In his attitude towards the Court actors and actresses the Emperor displays that charm of manner which bewitches all with whom he comes in contact. He calls them "*Meine Schauspieler*," which makes one think of "His Majesty's Servants" at Shakespeare's Globe Theatre. This practice of the Kaiser sometimes has amusing results.

Once when the Theatre Royal comedian, Dr. Max Pohl, had been suddenly taken ill the Emperor said to an acquaintance, "Fancy, my Pohl had a seizure yesterday," and the acquaintance, thinking he was referring to a pet dog, replied commiseratingly, "Oh! poor brute." After rehearsal the Emperor often goes on to the stage and talks to the actors about their parts.

At the recent revival of "*Les Huguenots*," upon which the Kaiser lavished his whole attention to secure the most absolute accuracy of costume and armor, he assembled the principals around him and delivered a lengthy lecture on the period of the play. In

the interval he was so occupied in discoursing to the assistant stage-manager on the weapons used in the production that he failed to hear the bell for the next act, with the result that the resumption of the opera was considerably delayed. Apropos it is interesting to note that during the first years of his reign the Kaiser was an enthusiastic Wagnerian but has latterly entirely forsaken Wagner for Italian and light German (Nicolai and Lortzing) opera.

The Emperor has shown particular attention to the numerous Americans who sing at the Berlin Opera. One of his little jokes is to call Mr. Putnam Griswold, the American bass, who sings the kingly rôles in Wagner, "my best colleague." When he received the singer after the recent revival of "*Aida*," in which Mr. Griswold played the King of Egypt in a particularly swarthy make-up, the Kaiser jestingly remarked: "Thank Heavens, Mr. Griswold, you are not as formidable as you look!" At the Berlin première of Puccini's "*La Bohème*" last year he sent for the American tenor, Mr. Francis McLennan, who sang Rodolfo, and Miss Florence Easton (who in private life is Mrs. McLennan), who sang Musette, and congratulated them on their renderings. The Emperor commented on the unique circumstance of a husband and wife appearing together in principal rôles in grand opera and expressed the opinion that it was a good example which he should like to see followed.

With his cosmopolitan tastes it is a matter of course that the Emperor attends all performances given by foreign companies at the Royal theatres.

When Sir Herbert Tree visited Berlin last year the Emperor witnessed the performance of "*Richard II.*" on the opening night, when he had a talk with Sir Herbert on the character of the unfortunate king. He also saw "*Antony and Cleopatra.*" He gave

Miss Viola Tree a diamond bracelet and sent the English actor an unusually high Prussian order. His interest in the English actors did not prevent his going several times to the Monte Carlo Opera Company which was performing at the Royal Opera House during the same week. The visits of these foreign companies attract his Majesty not only for artistic reasons, but because they afford him an opportunity of seeing how their stage settings compare with his and of collecting useful hints for future productions.

As most of the Kaiser's speeches spring from the influence on his temperament of some recent event, so are his theatrical productions generally traceable to some definite impulse he has received in the course of his busy life. This was particularly the case with "Sardanapal," the ballet which was produced here last year, and which from first to last was under his immediate direction. The Kaiser got the idea for reviving this old ballet (which was a repertoire piece of the Berlin Opera some decades back) from reading the report of the interesting excavations carried out by German archaeologists on the ruins of Nineveh. He determined to revive in modern Berlin all the glories of the vanished civilization of Assyria in the form of a new version of the almost forgotten ballet, or, to quote his own expressive phrase, "to make the museums speak." No expense or time was to be spared in putting on to the stage a production as nearly accurate as the laborious researches of the world's greatest Assyriologists could make it. In the first place new music had to be written and Professor Schlar was entrusted with this task, using as *leitmotif* a fragment of music unearthed in an Assyrian tomb. The renowned Assyriologist, Professor Delitzsch, with a staff of lesser luminaries, superintended the scenery, the dresses, the dances, the pos-

tures, and the Kaiser himself presided over all. He attended no fewer than fourteen rehearsals, bringing with him stacks of portfolios laden with sketches and notes with which his work-table in the parquet was strewn. A knot of friends, including Mr. Allison Armor, an American yachting acquaintance, accompanied his Majesty by special invitation to the dress rehearsal. At the end of it the Kaiser turned to Mr. Armor and, with eyes flashing with triumph, said, "Well, that's pretty nearly the real thing, Mr. Armor, isn't it?" The production swallowed up an enormous sum of money and, what was worse, was an absolute failure. One of the most brilliant houses which the Berlin Opera has ever witnessed received it in icy silence and the critics were bitterly ironical. It was not surprising. The harnessing of science to the chariot of the muses is a very risky experiment, and the fact that the scepters of the priests were exact facsimiles of those found in Assyrian excavations did not relieve the deadly monotony of the pantomime in dumb-show or enliven the extremely stodgy explanatory monologues spoken between the acts. After the first few performances people simply refused to go to "Sardanapal," and public dissatisfaction has not been lessened by the substantial increase in the price of stalls at the Opera, which it has been found necessary to introduce to lessen the enormous deficit which the cost of the production has caused in the budget of the Royal Theatres. The mounting (scenery and dresses) is said to have cost from £175,000 to £185,000, and to this enormous sum must be added about another £15,000 which represents the estimated takings of the evenings when the opera remained closed for urgent rehearsals of the new ballet. This is not the first time that there has been grumbling about the extravagance practised in this direction.

Some years ago when the sum voted for the re-decoration of the Theatre Royal was exceeded by several million marks there were some strong speeches made on the subject in the Prussian Diet. On that occasion it was stated that in order to have the house ready for a gala performance commanded by the Emperor the auditorium was temporarily patched up with plaster and canvas gilded over at great expense to meet the wishes of the Emperor, an excuse which apparently was of little consolation to the indignant tax-payer.

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As in all matters with which he has had to do the Emperor's influence on the theatre has been clean, wholesome and purifying. The present-day tendency of the Berlin stage is towards neurotic ultra-realism, and it is a pity that the approval which the Emperor's resistance to this decadence would otherwise meet with from many of his subjects should be almost counteracted by the resentment at the intrusion of the personal régime in the domain of the drama.

Eulenspiegel.

THE TWENTY-SEVENTH NOTCH.

Subedar Haider was taking his ease seated on a bedstead made of twisted strands of the dwarf palm in the veranda of his quarters in the Dozak Post, one of the innumerable small forts strung along the North-West Frontier of India from the Black Mountain to the confines of the Persian deserts, in which, among barren hills, on wide stony plateaus, or on pine-clad mountain-tops, in scorching heat or biting winds sweeping down from Central Asia, a body of servants of the Empire live hard lives, fight, die, and are forgotten. They are men of the Border tribes, for none other could stand the hardship and monotony or the strain of life in the shadow of battle, murder, and sudden death. They enlist from both sides of the Border in these Levies, Militias, and Military Police (which are not part of the Indian Army), for various motives not to be too closely investigated, and, on the whole, serve loyally under the handful of British officers who control them. Of such was Subedar Haider, and the short Lee-Enfield rifle lying ready to his hand on the bedstead beside him was the symbol of his reasons for joining the service of the British Gov-

ernment. Sleeping or waking, this rifle never left him except when it was hung over his shoes on a peg on the outer wall of the Masjid, where Haider said his prayers five times in the day.

For this there was good reason. On the beautifully polished stock of the rifle were twenty-six notches of various sizes—each recording the death of an enemy. The nineteenth notch was the biggest. It was notched six years back, when, in the gray of the early morning, Haider had taken careful aim at the figure of a woman emerging from a neighboring tower. The wailing of women, audible from Haider's own tower, told him that his bullet had found its billet in the body of his uncle, for which he had intended it. Over a quarrel about water-rights for irrigation, his uncle had slain Haider's father, and Haider's only brother had been shot by his cousins in the attempt to take revenge. After that, Haider and the men of his uncle's family had been unable for nine long months to leave for any purpose their respective towers, built on the bare slope of the hill within rifle-range of each other, though the women were by invariable custom exempt from the

feud. A mutual friend informed Haider that his uncle had, for the purpose of leaving his tower for a few minutes in the early morning, taken to the habit of disguising himself as one of the women: hence the successful shot.

Haider had made his notch, but his own country had become too hot to hold him, and he travelled far south down the Border to where the South Yagistan Militia are posted in a chain of mud-built forts, stretched along ninety miles of hilly frontier, and are charged with the duty of preventing a mountain tribe from following their hereditary trade—that of raiding the fat British villages of the plains.

To the Commandant of the Militia Haider told his story with engaging candor, and was enlisted on the spot.

Notches twenty to twenty-six, which marked Haider's successive steps in promotion from Sepoy to Subedar, were added in the service of the Sirkar—in duty combined with pleasure—in skirmishes with raiding gangs, in the pursuit of armed cattle-lifters, in desperate attempts to arrest some blood-stained offender. These notches were not gained without incurring the mortal enmity of at least half-a-dozen sections of the mountain tribe—Pathans like himself. This was, however, child's play to Haider, backed by the Militia rifles, and aided by sporting sights of the latest pattern added to his cherished rifle by a friendly Master Armorer from the Arsenal, who had come to inspect the Martinis of the Militia, and earned the admiration of Haider as a fellow-expert in arms. The Master Armorer had recognized Haider's rifle as one stolen from the arms-rack in the barrack-room of a British Mountain Battery, and Haider gave him full details of the exploit in happy and well-placed confidence that, as the rifle was again in the service of Government, the irregularity of its temporary "conveyance" (as the wise call

it) across the Border would be overlooked.

Haider was now a man of position and responsibility, a Native officer in command of fifty rifles and the Dozak Post, which blocked a pass leading across the Border, and was only connected with the world by a telegraph wire and fifteen miles of mountain bridle-path to the next Post. Dozak Post is a square mud fort with faces one hundred yards in length, and with two stone towers at opposite angles to flank the faces and guard the gateways. In the middle of the square are the magazine, the Masjid, the telegraph office, the standings for the horses of the mounted infantry section, with the men's quarters under the parapet along the loopholed faces. A barbed-wire entanglement surrounds the whole of the outer walls.

From his seat in the veranda Haider could watch the two gateways and most of the interior of the post, but the high walls shut out all view beyond the perimeter.

Although it was near sundown the heat inside the fort was fierce,—the relentless heat of the hottest corner of the globe,—and Haider had touched neither food nor drink since sunrise; for it was the month of Ramzan, and he, a rigid Moslem, was strict in the observance of the fast. He watched the men of the mounted infantry section go down to the standings with the nosebags, and was satisfied to hear the horses whinny and to see them kick out at the heel-ropes in pleasure of anticipation. The heat was evidently not affecting them. The nosebags were tied on, and four or five of the men moved close behind the horses and fired the rifles they had brought with them for the purpose into the air. Only a dun country-bred gelding at the end of the line plunged and reared, and was at once made much of by his master.

But at the sound of the shots the door of the telegraph office was thrown open and the telegraphist rushed out bareheaded.

"Ma'uzbillah," he cried to the Subedar, "what has happened? what has happened?"

"Nothing, Babuji," replied the Subedar from his bed, "only the sowars accustoming their horses to sudden firing. Razza Khan, fix the nosebag on the dun again: he is of a stout-hearted color, and will not lose a mouthful another time. And you, O Babu, will not forget your hat." (No self-respecting Muhammadan goes bareheaded.)

A laugh went round the sowars, and the telegraph clerk withdrew into his office.

The telegraph clerk was a down-country Muhammadan from Delhi, calling himself a Moghul, educated in a Mission School, and hating the Government he served. Now the name of Moghul still carries with it on the Frontier some pride of descent from the conquerors of India and connection with the profession of arms, though at Delhi itself the descendants of the Grand Moghul bear no enviable reputation.

Recently transferred to the Dozak Post, the Clerk had already sounded Haider as to his opinion on the legal point—whether service under the English unbelievers could be reconciled with strict obedience to the precepts of the Koran, and had received from him an equivocal answer. Each suspected the other's orthodoxy. The educated Clerk was in Haider's eyes lax in the observance of times of prayer, fasts, ablutions, and ritual in general; while Haider, being of

Such as do build their faith upon
The holy text of pike and gun,

was not disposed to argue the subtleties of religious questions with one whom he thoroughly despised as a man

of the pen, but on whom, however, he had to rely for the correct interpretation of written orders. The price of a sword-knot would have covered the expenses of Haider's education, consisting as it had of learning certain verses of the Koran by heart from a Mullah. On the other hand, he was as learned in proof-marks and other marks on a rifle or gun as a Birmingham expert. The Clerk considered him an ignorant fanatic.

Presently the door of the telegraph office again opened, and the Clerk, wearing a *roumi topi*, as the fez is called in India, came out. He advanced with marked dignity towards the Subedar, carrying a yellow envelope, and saluted him with "Salam aleik" (Peace be with you); to which Haider returned, "Wah aleikun" (And with you also). The salutation was purposely formal, to obliterate the memory of the unseemly incident of a few minutes past. Haider, seeing business on hand, was equally anxious to forget the matter.

"An urgent telegram for you, Subedar Sahib."

Haider took the envelope, opened it with much care, as one unaccustomed to such things, and smoothed out the form. He invited the Clerk to sit down beside him, and said: "How should I understand the language of the *Firinghis* [English], which is without blessing? Tell me, O friend, the meaning of the message."

(*Firinghi* is a term carrying some shade of contempt on the Border, though an insult down country; and the Clerk was flattered at the substitution of "friend" for "babu,"—a word more often applied to a Hindu than a Muhammadan.)

"Truly, O Subedar, it is the language of the accursed, but this is the meaning of the message." The Clerk then translated the telegram, which ran as follows:—

"From: Commandant Militia. To: Subedar Haider. Commandant Border Police wires, dated 16th instant, begins—'Multan's gang raided Ibrahimzai village last night. Killed one Hindu and two villagers, taking loot valued Rupees 15,000, chiefly jewelry and cash. ['That will be Ram Dass the money-lender,' interjected the Subedar.] Gang estimated 30 to 50 armed men: probably return your way to hills: please hold likely passes,' ends. Subedar Haider will proceed with all available men to hold Khuni Narai pass by daylight to-morrow morning. I move to the Ziarat defile."

"Tobah," exclaimed Haider, "this is a hard service. The Khuni Narai by daylight! It lies fifteen miles across the border; my young men are weak from fasting; and Multan, though an enemy of the Sirkar, is a man after my own heart. I wish there was a prospect of a brush with that low thief Muhammad Jan—may God destroy him root and branch! Then would I travel all this night and the next willingly."

Haider's hand went to his cheek, where the scar of a bullet-graze recorded a skirmish between him and Muhammad Jan in an attempt by the latter to lift some transport-camels grazing outside the Post. A kind of sporting feud existed between Haider the Militiaman and Muhammad Jan the cattle-thief, and they lay up for each other on the barren hillsides between intervals of more serious business, when Haider could beg a day's leave, or Muhammad Jan was not engaged in his trade.

As the telegraphist returned to his office, the Subedar blew three times on his whistle, and Havildar Hussein Ali answered the summons. Hussein Ali was Haider's kinsman, and Haider trusted him when he had to trust somebody.

"It is sunset, and I go to the evening

prayers," said the Subedar to Hussein Ali; "see that no one enters the telegraph-office or has speech with the Babu." With Haider, reticence as to his movements was a habit. It is unsafe on the Border to tell one's dearest friend the time of going out and coming in, and he distrusted the tongue of the Babu.

After the evening prayer, Haider broke the fast, and then sent an orderly to call all sepoys not on duty. It was now dark. Some twenty-five men fell in—the others were on guard or were detailed for the convoy and pickets next morning. Some were sick, and three on leave.

They were not a handsome crew—tall, lean, and bony; close-shaven heads, hooked noses, straight lips, remorseless-looking mouths. A certain hungry and wary look of the eyes common to them all,—in fact, as near a pack of gray wolves as human beings can be. They were not dressed in uniform—that is far too distinctive for their work on the open hillsides,—but wore loose white cotton clothes, the white toned to the color of the country by the sweat of their bodies and the dust and dirt of their surroundings. A gray Balacava cap, rolled tightly on the head, was the only mark of distinction they carried, and it requires quick eyes to distinguish a Militiaman from his fellow Pathan tribesman not in the service at 200 yards by daylight.

Haider walked down the line with the orderly Havildar, inspecting each man.

"What is to happen, Subedar Sahib?" asked an older man with a beard.

"What is to happen is written in the fate of each one, and it will be known in good time," replied the Subedar.

Then to another sepoy, "Mir Asgar, you may fall out—you only joined from hospital yesterday." Mir Asgar protests he is well and the fever has left him some days. "I have spoken," says

the Subedar, and Mir Asgar moves away to his quarters.

"You can fall out too, Zabardast, and next time you draw a new pair of *kheris* [leather sandals,] see that you oil the heel-strap. Fool that you are, that blister on your heel will keep you to sentry-duty till the auspicious moon" (the new moon that ends the Ramzan fast).

"Ah, Ishaq Khan, you have returned to-day! Fall out; you are never any use for a month after you return from leave. Send the incontinent pig to the headquarters hospital, Havildar, and ask the Adjutant Sahib to replace him until he is fit again."

Two more were rejected for various reasons,—if there is any doubt as to the power of a man to stay with his comrades on these expeditions, he cannot be taken. A man falling out must be left to fend for himself minus his rifle and ammunition, and it is short shrift he receives if found by the tribesmen.

In ten minutes all were ready with rifle and bandolier, and fifty extra rounds each in the haversacks with the breads already cooked for the Ramzan meal before daybreak. Every man carried a water-bottle, to be emptied before the sun rose.

Half the party under the Havildar left the fort in twos and threes by one postern, and Haider slipped out of the other with the rest of the party as soon as the unbroken silence of the night showed that all was well.

The party met together a quarter of a mile from the fort, and it was only then that Haider made known the destination.

Now began the long march through the heat of the night,—the Havildar leading and the Subedar bringing up the rear—the sepoys strung out between them in Indian file so as just to see each the man in front. Every man carried the breech of his rifle open

and a couple of rounds in his hand.

It was a dark night except for the stars, and the direction was kept through the interminable maze of rocky valleys by the outline of the hills. There was no path beyond the barest track left by the hooves of goats and sheep taking the easiest way from upland valley to upland valley; nor do the tracks necessarily lead anywhere except to a pasture ground, for in a nomad country with an ever-roving population there are no paths trodden out by human feet from village to village.

Now and again the party would cross over a low pass, though the greater part of the way wound along the dry torrent-beds in the bottoms. Here and there a valley closed in and appeared to end in a blank wall, but the dimly seen figure in front would disappear as if through a doorway, and, turning a corner, a narrow gash showed where the torrent had cut its way though the solid rock.

In the narrow valleys the heat was intolerable, as the rocks radiated by night the heat accumulated during the day.

Barely a sound was made except for the occasional click of the soft iron nails of a sandal against a stone. The men were as used to move by night as by day, for sun makes travelling by night a necessity in the hot weather. In fact, the score of men made less noise than a wild mountain-sheep disturbed on its way to some water-hole, which, after sounding a few notes of alarm like a baby's sneeze, fled, scattering the stones up the hillside; stopped again to sneeze, and then clattered on. The file of men halted instinctively and waited till the last sound had died away and nothing stirred before resuming their march, for a frightened animal might show a chance listener on the hilltop that something was on foot in the valley.

The bright thrusting blade of the sun seems more endurable than the black choking blanket of night, when to the throbbing brain the rising of the heat from the hard-baked earth and stones is almost audible. Hour after hour the party marched on, while the sweat saturated the leather of their bandollers and dripped from their wrists down the rifle-stocks. At last, an hour before dawn, they climbed up a hillside and halted on the crest. At a touch from the Subedar two men disappeared along the ridge, one on each side, and the rest sat down in a group with the stiffness of weary men. They had come fifteen miles across the Border, and a deep valley, one of the main ways into the heart of the tribal country, lay at their feet. It was far from all chance of assistance or support, and an expedition such as this was only possible when the bulk of the tribesmen had moved to the higher uplands for the summer. Half an hour was spent in rest and in eating the breads brought with them. The last drops in the water bottles were drunk, and Haider recalled his two sentries and made his dispositions.

From the place where they had rested on the range forming one of the sides of the main valley, a spur ran down to the bottom of the valley, almost blocking, at its lower extremity, the bed of the torrent and pressing it against the opposite cliff which the torrent had carved away in its efforts to round the obstruction of the spur, and thus forming at this point a gorge thirty yards in width. Above and below the spur the main valley broadened out, though the sides were precipitous, and in fact the only way of getting out of the valley laterally was by climbing the ramp of the spur. At the same time, any one travelling up the valley was forced to pass through the narrow gorge at the foot of the spur.

This was the Khuni Narai, a place famous for ambushes.

The Havildar and three men were left where the party had rested to secure the retreat, and three rifles were posted half way down the spur. Haider himself took the remaining fourteen rifles and dropped down to the foot of the spur, 700 yards from the top picket above him, and took position in the rocks in the gorge. Each man chose a rock round the right of which it was possible to shoot: a stone or two were moved to provide better cover, but care was taken not to alter the natural appearance of the place. Haider passed the word that he would fire the first shot, and all lay down in silence to await the break of dawn.

The sky in the east faded from black to gray, and the stars dimmed, and faint murmurs from the men were audible as each finished his morning prayer with the formula—"There is no God but God, and Muhammed is his Prophet." Then a slight sound as each passed his hand downwards over face and chin, closed the breach of his rifle, and prepared for the business of the day.

Haider lay behind a rock, a few yards from his men, facing down the valley. A faint sound as of the tide's rattle of pebbles on a beach, but continuous, came to his ears. He drew back his rifle, twisted the protector from the fore-sight, and slid the leather cover from off the back-sight. The sound came nearer, and was evidently a flock of sheep or goats moving up the valley—probably to be watered at the water-hole above the gorge. As the flock drew near, he could make out in the gray dawn the figure of a man with a rifle slung over his back, unconcernedly leading the flock, then a cloud of dust hanging over the flock, and two more men behind, the butts of their rifles showing over their right shoulders. The flock moved slowly up, and

Haider watched them pass within forty yards of him, regretful that the folly of a Government, whose scruples passed a practical man's understanding, would not allow of unprovoked assault on peaceful tribesmen in their own country, though every one of them was a thief and cattle-lifter when opportunity offered, and the animals before him had probably changed hands half a dozen times within the twelve-month. Haider peered at the leader, but could not identify him in the semi-darkness, as he had thrown his cloth over his head to keep the dust from his face and beard. The flock and its armed guardians passed unconscious of the fifteen rifles playfully aimed at them from the silent rocks. But no trigger was pressed, and the small party did not betray its presence, for a flock in the valley would seem to imply an encampment of tribesmen in the vicinity, and there was no object in running unnecessary risks.

The gray dawn turned to yellow sunrise: at one stride came the day, and

The river-bed lay dusty white,
And all the furnace of the light,
Struck up against the blinding wall.

Haider looked down the valley, but there was no sign of Multan and his gang; a thousand yards up the valley was the cloud of dust marking the progress of the flock, and a mile beyond, a faint blue haze at the foot of the hill told of an encampment of tribesmen above the water-hole.

"Allah!" said Haider to the man next him, "if that had been Multan and his party not one of the sons of pigs would have escaped. We must give Multan another half-hour in case he is making for the *kirri* [encampment] up yonder, but he is not likely to be on the move after daybreak." At that moment his eye caught sight of the Havildar Hussein Ali leaping from rock to rock on his way down

from the picket. He was followed by a man who by his head-dress was not one of the Militia. The pair came down at break-neck speed, screened from view from up the valley by the back of the ridge.

"Curse him," muttered the Subedar, "what does Hussein Ali mean by showing himself in that manner down the valley? There are only the shepherds on the upper side, and we expect Multan below." In a minute or two the Havildar threw himself down by the Subedar and exclaimed, "Do you know whom you let pass before your face? It was Muhammad Jan, the cattle-thief, with half the flocks of the Kirri Mazlani people which he lifted yesterday evening from the *Rayat*" (British Territory).

"Tobah, tobah," cried the Subedar, "and I had that dog, Muhammad Jan, and the flock in my hand!"

The Kirri Mazlani man then came up and prayed Haider to recover the flock. Haider asked him if the *chigah* (village pursuit party) was near, and the Mazlani villager replied that his *chigah* had gone in another direction, and that he had come alone to the Khuni Narai to see if the raiders passed that way. "Then," said Haider, "I can do nothing. You see the haze where the kirri is up yonder, God alone knows how many rifles they have got in the encampment, and what evil may fall on us if we go up the valley after the flock. They would be down on us before we got the flock back to this pass, even if that dog Muhammad Jan could not hold us off the flock until assistance reached him from the kirri. No; the sheep must go this time, and you must trust to the Political Agent for their recovery."¹

¹ When cattle raided from a British village can be traced to a particular section of a trans-frontier tribe the Political Agent is able sometimes to secure their recovery, either by stopping the tribal allowances or by seizing members of the offending section and holding them as hostages until restitution is made by the tribal elders.

Haider looked up the valley, and in the clear atmosphere could just make out the figure of a man walking with the retreating flock. His fingers itched on the rifle. There were no signs of Multan down the valley, and Haider raised his back-sight to 1500 yards. He took a steady aim over a rock at the figure and fired. The bullet went near, for the figure jumped long before the sound of the shot could have reached him, and began driving the flock furiously towards the kirri. A couple of shots from the shepherds roused the kirri, and thirty or forty armed men were soon moving down the valley. Haider watched them advance for some time, and then with his men retreated leisurely up the spur and took up the position on the side of the main valley which commanded it. The tribesmen advanced cautiously along the valley and took cover in the rocks at the foot of the ridge. One or two began to work up, but a shot from Haider's rifle stopped the movement.

The report of Haider's Lee-Enfield told the tribesmen that they had the Militia to deal with, and, as they had secured the flock, there was nothing to be gained by an attack on a difficult position. Some chaff was shouted at Haider, who made no answer, and the tribesmen worked their way back up the valley much more cautiously than they had advanced. Experience had taught them that it was not safe to move in the open within a thousand yards of Haider's well-known rifle.

The Militia party settled themselves on the heights to pass the heat of the day as best they might. Movement was impossible until evening. Some of the men found a little shade under the lee of the rocks, others spread their clothes over the cleaning-rods of their rifles stuck in the ground, and so obtained some mitigation of the rays of

the sun for their heads and shoulders. It was needless to post sentries, as the common enemy had reduced all nature to impotence; even the vultures had dropped from the blue, and had glided into the shade of some mountain-crag. A crow, in his unsuitable blue-black coat, panted with open beak and harassed eye under the shadow of a stone. Haider placed his rifle and ammunition carefully in the shade of a rock, and stretched himself beside it. Sleep was out of the question, and the physical struggle with the heat allowed of no rest to the men. They twisted uneasily where they lay, and muttered exclamations of "Allah" showed how great was the mental strain. Noon came and the shade was at its least, and then the sun chased the men round to the east of their shelters. About four o'clock Haider felt moisture on his brow (the heat before had dried the sweat as it formed, leaving a white brine on the skin), and it was now possible to stir,—the sun had lost its full power. The party moved off without showing themselves on the skyline, and marched slowly for an hour, when Haider saw that they had reached the limit of endurance. They were now out of the immediate range of the kirri, so he passed the word to turn up a side valley and himself climbed the hillside to watch the entrance, while the men moved higher up and lay down to await sundown. Again the party moved on, till after nightfall they came cautiously to a water-hole. It was the first the men had tasted since emptying their bottles at sunrise, but they drank sparingly of the tepid stuff; some munched a handful of parched grain, others took a pill of opium, and in a quarter of an hour they were again on the march, this time with some life in their movements.

It was midnight before they were challenged by the sentry on the gate of the Dozak Post.

The Havildar checked the ammunition of each man as he entered the wicket, and collected the spare ammunition. Haider then went to his quarters, rubbed over his rifle with an oily cloth, drank a glass of cool water from a porous water-jar, and threw himself on the bed to sleep the sleep of exhaustion.

An hour before dawn he was up to eat the morning meal before the call to prayers. Between the service of the British Government and the service of Allah it is difficult for a soldier to keep much flesh on his bones, and that the Clerk managed to accomplish this made him to Haider suspect of shirking the one and the other.

A week afterwards a man came to the Dozak Post driving a fat-tailed sheep before him, and asked for the Subedar. He was taken to Haider's quarters and explained that the sheep (the best of the raided flock) was a thank-offering from Muhammad Jan for letting him off with his life and property. Haider appeared highly amused at the joke and invited the messenger to stay for the feast. That night the sheep was killed, and the Post was entertained by Haider, sitting in groups of ten round huge plates piled up with rice and mutton, cooked with raisins and pistachio nuts, and flanked by large flat cakes of unleavened bread. The consumption of food was Homeric, and after the meal, interminable love-songs were sung to

Blackwood's Magazine.

the accompaniment of a rabab—an instrument somewhat like a mandolin,—while Haider amused himself by a game of chess with the company Mulah.

It was late before the party broke up, when Haider retired inside his quarters and locked the door. This proceeding was curious, considering the heat, but the Subedar's further actions were still more curious. He took a packet of Government Martini ammunition from a box, and removed the outer wrapper. He then selected three of the ten cartridges and carefully worked the bullets loose from the brass case crimped round their bases. This done, he emptied out the powder from the three cases, and filled them up with mud, replaced the bullets, and fixed the cases tight on the bullets by biting them with his teeth. He was careful to wrap a piece of paper round the case to prevent any sign of his teeth on the brass. Lastly, he wrapped the three dummy cartridges with the seven good ones in the original outer wrapper. This done, he issued forth and went to sleep in the verandah.

Next morning Haider dismissed the messenger with a present of a packet of ten Martini cartridges for Muhammad Jan, who received the packet with much pleasure, as each round of Government ammunition is worth a rupee across the Border, and the value of a sheep is not much over ten rupees.

"Militiaman."

(To be concluded.)

THE ARMY OF INNOCENCE.

"Thanne longen folk to gon on pilgrimages." How right the poet was to dwell on the desire felt by all mankind for pilgrimage, and not merely on the obligation of religious duty! Among all the sensations of holiday

there is none more exquisite than that of a pilgrim setting out for a holy place. The daily round is broken; the common task is left behind him at the gate; the eyelids of the dawn are opening; the white road leads onward into

the rising sun; the calling of the birds, the waking mountains, and the smell of dew upon the grass are unconscious symbols of hope and the spirit's renewal; his heart is fixed, being raised to its natural, though unaccustomed, elevation, and attuned by the sanctity of purpose, without which the holiday would be but a relaxation, a slackening of the strings of the soul. No wonder the peoples of all nations have longed to go on pilgrimage, and have laid down their lives for access to the shrines of the world—to Lhassa, Puri, Mecca, Rome, Kieff, and Jerusalem.

For Christians this universal longing was naturally much increased when the end of the thousand years since Christ's birth approached, and He was expected to return in glory to His native land, and there to celebrate the Last Judgment upon quick and dead. With a confidence that must excite the envy of latter-day sinners, the devout of Europe desired above all things to behold His re-appearing and to present themselves among the first before His tribunal. Nor was it only for their own sakes that their eyes were turned with anxiety towards Jerusalem, which for nearly five centuries had lain in the hands of sun-worshippers and followers of the False Prophet. If in a few years Christ should now return and find His holy city—the scene of His death, His sepulchre, and His resurrection—occupied by mere Seljukian Turks, who for a generation had inflicted unendurable hardships on pilgrims seeking comfort at His shrines, how great would be the scandal to His Church and His Vicar here on earth. In some fertile mind suddenly sprang the conception of an Army of the Cross for rescuing the sacred places from the Infidel. Peter, the Amlens hermit, began his wild preaching—so holy a man that the hairs of his donkey's tail were treasured as relics. Urban II. appealed to Christendom from

Clermont in Auvergne, and the believing hosts around him answered with the cry, "Deus le volt, Deus le volt!" Incited by hopes of spiritual pardon hereafter, or by the certainty of release from earthly prisons and the bonds of debt or vows; encouraged by the promise of crossed legs upon sepulchral effigies, and of shirts that, having been worn in the Holy Land, ensured immediate entrance into Paradise; ardent in faith, longing for pilgrimage, and careless of a world so soon to end in Judgment, nearly a quarter of a million human beings set out for the divine campaign, under the mystic standards of Goat and Goose.

Then followed the familiar, incredible story of the Crusaders, when, for the first and last time in history, the Christian Powers were at intervals combined for a purpose that could almost be called religious. The deeds of Tancred and Baldwin, the siege of Antioch and opportune discovery of the Sacred Spear, the rabble host kneeling in tears at sight of Jerusalem and rushing forward to the slaughter of Saracens and Jews; St. Bernard's miserable attempt at a second Crusade, the glory of old Barbarossa and Richard Lionheart; the chivalry of Saladin, conquests of Constantinople, fightings in Egypt, the appearance of Frederick Stupor-of-the-World, himself, it was said, no better than an Infidel—so for two centuries the varied course of holy wars went on, till it died away with St. Louis of France sinking on the road at Damietta. With him the flame of sacred endeavor flickered and was extinguished, though for some, as for our Henrys IV. and V., there remained the dream of levying a power of men:—

Whose arms were moulded in their
mothers' wombs
To chase these pagans, in those holy
fields,
Over whose acres walked those blessed
feet,

Which, fourteen hundred years ago,
were nailed,
For our advantage on the bitter cross.

Nine of these Crusades from first to last are counted by historians, and as to their result, "the holy wars," says Gibbon, "appear to me to have checked rather than forwarded the maturity of Europe." That is too large a question for us. We will only say again that to us it now appears incredible that Europe should ever have shown herself so disinterested as to fight for any sacred cause at all. But for the moment we have not to do with maturity. Mr. Henry Baerlein's rather unsympathetic and disjointed book, called "On the Forgotten Road" (Murray), has reminded us of that "Children's Crusade," so small and immature that it is not even counted among the nine. In point of date we must tuck it in between the fifth and sixth, and there let it stand as a piteous episode, a baby's death, a young lamb's heart among the full-grown flocks. It was the time when Philip, called the August, was reigning in France, and in England the Lords were pestering the King with their demands for representation and the redress of grievances before they would give him a penny to carry on with. For Magna Charta lay only three years ahead, England was still suffering from the Papal Interdict, and the elder Simon de Montfort was himself crusading, not against Pagans or Paynims, but against unhappy Christians who even in Southern France could believe the present earth was hell, and death the truest blessing.

It is strange to think that the inspired children must have passed on their journey right through the midst of the Waldenses, those Quakers of Lyons, and not far eastward of the province where Simon himself was dealing out to the Albigenses the blessing they so much desired. For Mr. Baerlein has chosen the story of the French

children, who followed the boy Stephen of Cloyes near Orleans, and has left for another hand the German children's Crusade, which started the same year, and tried to make its way across the Alps. We believe it was not the first time that children had in a certain sense taken the Cross. In a contemporary account of the first Crusade, at all events, a chronicler with a peculiar conception of humor writes:—

Strange sights one saw, enough to make you die of laughing; the poor, for instance, would shoe an ox or two like horses and tie them to a cart into which they piled their bits of things and babies; and whenever they came in sight of a castle or city, you would hear the little creatures keep asking whether this was Jerusalem, the place they were going to.

But the idea of an actual children's army seems to have been St. Bernard's own suggestion, though it was not carried out till seventy years after the failure of his Crusade. It seemed likely that nothing but the wickedness of the Crusaders themselves could have caused a failure so complete as that; innocence, therefore, might bring success, and where was innocence to be found, save in the heart of a child? So argued the great ecclesiastic, ignorant alike of logic, war, and children.

The idea spread, and whether it was reinforced by cruel agents from the Old Man of the Mountain, ever seeking recruits for his Assassins and the Fedavees in the Gardens of Bliss, we cannot tell. Mr. Baerlein thinks so, and the belief should have added the final touch of horror and tragedy to a tale which he somehow fails to make tragic. But in that age no external reinforcement was needed for the idea. Once possessed by his holy purpose, the boy Stephen found no trouble in recruiting his army of the innocent. Little boys and girls from all sides came flocking to his standard, sometimes escaping the

parents' anger, but usually, as it seems, accompanied by their applause. Quicker than the Boy Scouts his drilled battallions grew. When they had seen the King at St. Denis and begun their march southward from Paris to the sea, they are said to have numbered 30,000. How they were fed, how covered and succored on the road, we can only conjecture, but we may imagine the devout and pitiful women coming from villages and towns to meet them with cakes and sweets, with little garments and combs, and herbal medicines in a bottle. So the tender warriors marched upon their way, flowing like Rhone's waters ever southward:—

The hum of multitudes was there, but
multitudes of lambs,
Thousands of little boys and girls
raising their innocent hands.

"It is to God, to God, we are going!"
they cried continually. Marseilles received them, and again we can imagine

The Nation.

line them asking each other if this was not the holy Jerusalem they sought. Seven ships received them; beyond the protecting mountains of that ancient port they stood out to sea, and France saw them no more. One priest returned; then, after twenty-three years, Stephen's father returned, and into his mouth Mr. Baerlein has put his story. Quick death or long Egyptian slavery swallowed up the rest in darkness.

It is a strange scene to recall, full of a pathos that it would be easy to wallow in. Like a dream, it is adorned with all the fantastic mists and colors of medieval unreality. But at the heart of it we recognize the abiding spirit of the child in man. For who is there that does not long to go on pilgrimage, or with the fairy army of Crusaders to pass beyond the bounds of commonplace, and set forth in fearless elation upon the white road that leads to the City of God?

COURTEOUS FAULT-FINDING.

The Rev. E. J. Hardy in his new book, "How to be Happy though Civil" (T. Fisher Unwin, 5s. net), devotes a whole chapter to "Courteous Censure." Without a doubt the art of effectual fault-finding is part of the ruler's art, a part which many rulers, great and small, practise with pain, and many with enjoyment. All those in authority must find fault at times if they do their duty, and to some minds censure is the symbol of power. Oddly enough, the people of whom this is true are by no means all bad people, or even tyrants. Take the commonest of all instances. There are some women who are eternally finding fault with their children, not necessarily angrily, and very often very gently, and even

affectionately. It is the way they realize their own authority, which they have no desire to exercise otherwise than benevolently. A good many employers stand to their subordinates in something of the same relation as these women do to their children. They can never let them alone. Like the youthful possessor of a new watch, they must always be touching the regulator and increasing or retarding the action. They seem to live to set right. Where this censorious attitude is unaccompanied by harshness it is, we think, wonderfully little resented, and its practical effect is simply *nil*. Servants will stay for years with these aimless but kind-hearted correctors, and their children bear them no malice whatever.

Again, there are not a few women who freely distribute courteous censure outside their own families, and have quite a talent for the polite correction of their acquaintance, who generally take it very well, particularly if the censor is a little above them in social position. Some women upon the lower rungs of the ladder take censure from above very graciously, having an eye to the pleasure of passing it on downwards. Many such women regard fault-finding as their duty, as their contribution, as it were, to that great moral fund which exists for the conversion of the world. This form of fault-finding also is completely ineffectual so far as any change in the recipient's course of conduct is concerned. There is, however, a form which is closely connected with it, and which does not seldom some practical good. Not a few women, and some few men, have a constitutional love of lecturing. As a rule they exercise it upon the young and the poor, because their equals and contemporaries will not stand to hear them, and it is impossible to deny that they often do good. To have their own shortcomings very plainly and kindly set before them at great length would seem to be beneficial to certain teachable and well-disposed persons who have gone astray through thoughtlessness, and if the lecturer's courtesy is of so fine a quality as to enable him to avoid arousing resentment, ridicule, or nausea in his victim, he may indulge his didactic disposition to his own satisfaction and the edification of his listener. Of course there are a few very strong and very useful men and women who are so inevitably born to rule that no exercise of authority is disagreeable to them. They are thoroughly good and just-minded, if not very sensitive or sympathetic people. They find fault effectually without spite or scruple. To them all men are instruments to be carefully handled as becomes a good work-

man, and to be sharpened on whatever whetstone will give the best edge,—and to them the handling of instruments is the joy of life.

But in spite of many exceptions, the majority of good people, while they find relief in grumbling, hate seriously to find fault. When they are in authority they study to avoid it, and are much more anxious to leave it undone than to do it well. By a little trouble and some sacrifices the amount possible without neglect of duty may be brought very low indeed. If an employer makes up his mind to reduce it below a certain minimum he must harden his heart, and may even find himself guilty of cruelty. The choice between reiterated warning and remorseless dismissal is sure to present itself from time to time, and though the kindest masters or mistresses may allow themselves to remember that you cannot carve in rotten wood, they ought to make quite sure that there is no sound stuff underneath before they altogether refuse to work with it. Men in authority with a real knowledge of character seldom find much fault. They realize that in dealing with an energetic and dutiful race like the English the majority of subordinates whose work is suited to them and who are well paid and well treated do their best. To be constantly using the spur upon them is simply to increase the aggregate suffering of the world, and to wear them out before their time. People who have no great natural gifts in regard to judging character constantly supply the defect by attention. Indeed, the older one grows the more certain one becomes that "gifts" are very rare, and very difficult to distinguish from the results of hard work. Some good people who hate to give pain sugar the bitter medicine of censure with praise. The plan works well with children, but there the element of affection comes in

and upsets ordinary calculation. With grown-up people the mixture is dangerous. The stupid see only the praise, the sensitive only the blame. Sensitive people, again, are very apt to be a little suspicious, and pure praise may easily come to lose its wholesome force if the recipient has learned to look for adulteration.

The odd thing is that the kind people who hate to find fault are by no means those who do it the most judiciously or who most consistently avoid superfluous pain. One reason, we suppose, is that they have little practice in censuring, and little experience of its result; while perhaps another reason is that they do not speak at all till loss of temper gives them courage. A man who is habitually courteous, who seldom loses his temper and seldom finds fault, is apt on the rare occasions when he speaks his anger to be very cutting. Sarcasm is as a rule simply the vent-hole of a clever and self-controlled man's temper. Sometimes the pent-up steam produces a corrosive acid, and a man may find, to his genuine horror, that he has done more injury with an epigram than he could have done with a dozen oaths. In spite of the excellent advice which he gives on the subject of courteous censure, Mr. Hardy is wonderfully attracted by sharp sayings in civil form said with a view to correction. He quotes some the familiarity of which disguises their brutality, and some the newness and humor of which tempt one to forget it. The story of the Duchess and "the nobleman with the bald head" might surely now go out of print. On the other hand, the sentence of the master who in giving a character to his coachman remarked, "I have seen him so-

The Spectator.

ber," is well worth preserving. We wonder whether Mr. Hardy knows the story of a consequential Bishop traveling in Switzerland, who apologized for bringing much luggage to a high place on the ground of his valet's stupidity, to whom a witty young man suggested that the servant had made the mistake of packing the mitre. Our raconteur is not squeamish about roughness. Like most humorists, he can forgive much and forgo little for the sake of a laugh; witness the following story:—"How dreadful it is when you bring a lady into dinner who cannot or will not say a word! In this predicament I have remarked: 'I do not mind being ugly, do you?' and this brought the painfully silent one to speech, if not to her senses." Of course we are not so simple as to believe that this genial and common-sensical humorist ever said anything so astoundingly and brutally rude. No doubt the false ascription is part of the joke.

After all, we believe that the real way to reprove effectually, yet spare the feelings of the reprovèd, is not by too much striving after courtesy, nor too subtle combinations of praise and blame, nor any assumption of affectionate interest, but simply by taking refuge in officialism. We may easily exaggerate the extent to which our subordinates desire personal relations with ourselves. If they belong to a circle which is not ours, they have their own world of personal relationships. If, on the other hand, we "know one another at home," as the schoolboys say, there are moments when it is well to forget it. An official rebuke gives the minimum of personal pain, and creates as a rule a maximum renewal of effort.

THE LETTER N.

A TRAGEDY IN HIGH LIFE

I.

From the copy paper of Harold Pippett, only reporter for "The Easterham Herald."

Inquiries which have been made by one of our representatives yield the gratifying tidings that Kildin Hall, the superb Tudor residence vacated a year or so ago by Lord Glossthorpe, is again let. The new tenant, who will be a valued addition to the neighborhood, is Mr. Michael Stirling, a retired banker.

II.

From "The Easterham Herald," Sept. 2.

Inquiries which have been made by one of our representatives yield the gratifying tidings that Kildin Hall, the superb Tudor residence vacated a year or so ago by Lord Glossthorpe, is again let. The new tenant, who will be a valued addition to the neighborhood, is Mr. Michael Stirling, a retired baker.

III.

Mr. Guy Lander, Estate Agent, to the Editor of "The Easterham Herald."

Dear Ted,—There's a fearful bloomer in your paper this week which you must put right as soon as you can. Mr. Stirling, who has taken Kildin, is not a baker, but a banker. Yours, G. L.

IV.

The Editor of "The Easterham Herald" to Mr. Guy Lander.

My dear Guy,—Of course it's only a misprint. Pippett wrote "banker" right enough, and the ass of a compositor dropped out the "n." I'll put it right next week. No sensible person would mind. Yours, Edward 'Robb.

V.

Mrs. Michael Stirling to the Editor of "The Easterham Herald."

Sir,—My attention has been called to

a very serious misstatement in your paper for Saturday last. It is there stated that my husband, Mr. Michael Stirling, who has taken Kildin Hall, is a retired baker. This is absolutely false. Mr. Stirling is a retired banker, than which nothing could be much more different. Mr. Stirling is at this moment too ill to read the papers, and the libel will therefore be kept from him a little longer, but what the consequences will be when he learns it I tremble to think. Kindly assure me that you will give the denial as much publicity as the falsehood.

Yours faithfully.

Augusta Stirling.

VI.

The Editor of "The Easterham Herald" to Mrs. Michael Stirling.

The Editor of *The Easterham Herald* presents his compliments to Mrs. Stirling and begs to express his profound regret that the misprint of which she complains should have crept into his paper. That it was a misprint and not an intentional misstatement he has the reporter's copy to prove. He will, of course, insert in the next issue of *The Easterham Herald* a paragraph correcting the error, but he would point out to Mrs. Stirling that it was stated in the paragraph that Mr. Stirling would be a valued addition to the neighborhood.

VII.

Mrs. Stirling to the Editor of "The Easterham Herald."

Sir,—Whatever the cause of the slander, whether malice or misadventure, the fact remains that you have done a very cruel thing. I enclose a cutting from the London Press, sent me by a friend, which will show you that the calumny is becoming widely spread. Mr. Stirling is so weak and dispirited

that we fear he may have got some inkling of it. Your position if he knows the worst will be terrible.

I am, Yours faithfully,
Augusta Stirling.

VIII. (The Enclosure.)

From "The Morning Star."

Signs of the Times.

We get the new movement in a nutshell in the report from Easterham that Lord Glossthorpe has let his house to a retired baker named Stirling, etc., etc.

IX.

From "The Easterham Herald," Sept. 9.

Erratum.—In our issue last week an unfortunate misprint made us state that the new tenant of Kildin Hall was a retired baker. The word was of course banker.

X.

Messrs. Greenery and Bills, Steam Bakery, Dumbridge.

Dear Sir,—After the offensive way in which you refer to bakers in the current number of your paper we feel that we have no other course but to withdraw our advertisement; so please discontinue it from this date.

Yours faithfully,
Greenery and Bills.

XI.

Mr. John Bridger, Baker, to the Editor of "The Easterham Herald."

Dear Robb,—I was both pained and surprised to find a man of your principles and a friend of mine writing of bakers as you did this week. Why should you "of course" have meant a banker? Why cannot a retired baker take a fine house if he wants to? I am thoroughly ashamed of you, and wish to withdraw my advertisement from your paper. Yours truly,

John Bridger.

XII.

Mrs. Stirling to the Editor of "The Easterham Herald,"

Sir,—I fear you have not done your best to check the progress of your slanderous paragraph, since only this morning I received the enclosed. You will probably not be surprised to learn that through your efforts the old-world paradise of Kildin, in which we hoped to end our days, has been closed to us.

Yours truly,
Augusta Stirling.

XIII. (The Enclosure.)

From "The Daily Leader."

The Triumph of the Democracy.

After lying empty for nearly two years Lord Glossthorpe's country seat has been let to a retired baker named Stirling, etc., etc.

XIV.

Mrs. Michael Stirling to Mr. Guy Lander.

Dear Sir,—After the way that the good name and fame of my husband and myself have been poisoned both in the local and the London Press, we cannot think further of coming to live at Kildin Hall. Every post brings from one or other of my friends some paragraph perpetuating the lie. Kindly therefore consider the negotiations completely at an end. I am,

Yours faithfully,
Augusta Stirling.

XV.

The Editor of "The Easterham Herald" to Mr. John Bridger.

Dear Bridger.—You were too hasty. A man has to do the best he can. When I wrote "of course" I meant it as a stroke of irony. You will be glad to hear that in consequence of the whole thing I have got notice to leave, my proprietor being under obligations to Lord Glossthorpe, and you may therefore restore your patronage to *The Herald* with a pure conscience.

Yours sincerely, Edward Robb.

XVI.

*The Editor of "The Easterham Herald"
to Mrs. Stirring.*

The Editor of *The Easterham Herald* presents his compliments to Mrs. Stirring for the last time, and again assures her that the whole trouble grew from the natural carelessness of an overworked and underpaid compositor. He regrets sincerely the unhappiness
Punch.

which that mistake has caused, and looks forward to a day when retired bakers and retired bankers will be considered as equally valuable additions to a neighborhood. In retirement, as in the grave, he likes to think of all men as equal. With renewed apologies for the foul aspersion which he cast upon Mr. and Mrs. Stirring, he begs to conclude.

PRESIDENT TAFT'S DIFFICULTIES.

A situation is developing in American politics that is full of interest and significance. Under the pressure of new social forces and new economic problems the historic parties, slowly but definitely, are beginning to disintegrate. For many years past they have been parties only in name. They have lacked everything that might be called a political religion. Since the immediate problems raised by the Civil War were settled, there has been no such thing as a distinctively Republican or a distinctively Democratic policy. On seven issues out of ten the two huge guilds of politicians have been substantially at one. On the other three issues the alignment of each party has been purely arbitrary and fortuitous, dictated not by convictions or first principles, but simply by a sense of electioneering needs and possibilities. Up to the moment of Mr. Bryan's first nomination in 1896, American politics had no reality whatever. In that year Radicalism first showed itself as something more than a local and sporadic force, and succeeded in capturing the Democratic party. It was a Radicalism mixed with much folly, ignorance, and crudeness, but it had its roots in a sincere and justifiable conviction that organized wealth had reached a perilous height of political and economic power. After a passionate contest the

American people rejected Bryanism in 1896, and again in 1900. The Republicans accepted their victory as a national permission to ensconce themselves once more behind the ramparts of the money-power. Plutocracy has rarely been more completely in possession of a nominally self-governing State than it was in America under the auspices of Mr. McKinley and Mr. Hanna. Then, through the accident of an accident, came Mr. Roosevelt. He sat from the first with conspicuous looseness in the party saddle. Where his predecessor had obeyed the Trusts or cozened them, Mr. Roosevelt attacked them. He saw that a party of the Haves, by the mere force of reflex action, brings ultimately into being a party of the Have-nots, and that reaction at one end of the political scale means sooner or later a powerful revolutionary movement at the other.

To head off any such development became the supreme object of his policy. He was alive to social and economic equalities. He perceived that the time had come when the plutocracy to preserve anything must surrender something. His policy of the "square deal" cut clean across the traditional lines of party division. It fitted in with none of the old formulæ and catchwords. It was a national and not in any sense a factional policy, not a

movement of Republicans against Democrats but of the people against the plutocracy. Mr. Roosevelt initiated two campaigns against the American money-power. One was aimed at capital, the other at capitalists. The first campaign, by an unsparing investigation of the Trusts, by an increasing strictness of Federal supervision over their conduct, and by the systematic preservation of the natural resources of the country, essayed to bring under public control whatever was excessive and against the common weal in the powers of organized wealth, and to prevent the promoter and the financier from profiting excessively at the expense of the community. The second campaign dealt rather with the millionaire as a private citizen, and was designed to extract from him by income and inheritance taxes a fair return for the wealth he had been enabled to amass. Those who opposed these policies did so not as Republicans or Democrats but simply as Conservatives speaking the universal language of Conservatism. Those who favored them did so as Radicals *sans phrase*. Mr. Roosevelt, in short, stripped Bryanism of its heresies and made it practicable. He was the means of launching issues that appealed more to men's fundamental opinions about society and economics than to their party affiliations; and though the stubborn opposition of the Conservative leaders of his party prevented him from writing more than one or two of his policies on the Statute-book, he was entirely successful in winning for them an enormous measure of popular devotion.

It would have been difficult for any man to step into Mr. Roosevelt's shoes. It was doubly difficult for Mr. Taft because both the Conservatives and the Radicals claimed him as their especial friend and sympathizer. The former were confident that a President of his judicial temperament and poise would

do nothing to alarm the worlds of business and finance. The latter, remembering the part he had taken in formulating the Roosevelt policies, remembering too that he was Mr. Roosevelt's own choice for the Presidency, were equally confident that the attack on the various strongholds of privilege would be firmly pressed home. But so far it has to be said that Mr. Taft has won considerably more approval among the Conservatives than among the Radicals. The Payne Tariff Act for instance was a virtually complete triumph for the reactionaries. President Taft did what he could to modify it and make it square with his own and his party's election pledges; but his efforts were successful only within the narrowest limits, and the measure that he finally signed was felt by all the Radicals in the country, and especially by the Radical Republicans of the Middle West, where Mr. Roosevelt found his strongest support, to be little less than a betrayal. Several other incidents, moreover, have tended to confirm the suspicion that President Taft, taking warning by his predecessor's fate, regards harmony between the White House and the Conservative Republican leaders as the first condition of success, and that it is not a part of his policy to attempt to coerce them by appealing over their heads to the Radical rank and file or to the people at large.

This suspicion has been rather strengthened than weakened by the President's message. It has exhilarated the Conservatives and disheartened the Radicals. It vetoes any further canvassing of the Tariff problem, and it leaves over for further discussion most of the questions that really interest the people. The average American cares next to nothing for issues that merely involve Nicaragua, or the Congo, or the Far East; but he is deeply interested in the relations between the Federal

Government, the railways, and the great industrial companies, and in the problems that those relations produce. But all these vital and urgent issues Mr. Taft reserves for treatment by the agency of Special Messages to Congress. He may be right in so doing or he may be wrong. But it is clear that his delay in taking up a plain and definite stand on the Roosevelt policies has spread something like consternation among the Radicals. For ourselves we thoroughly believe that Mr. Taft intends to do the best he can to assert the supremacy of national over private interests, but we question

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whether he is going quite the best way to work. He counts, it is clear, upon overcoming the Conservative opposition not by force but by persuasion. It seems a highly speculative undertaking, though we should not care to prophesy positively that it will fail. What however is beyond doubt is that the Radical Republicans of the Middle West are in a state of sullen disaffection, that the party is threatened with a more formidable schism than any it has yet known, and that to stave off a Democratic victory in 1912 it may be necessary to summon Mr. Roosevelt once more to the leadership.

BOOKS AND AUTHORS

Mr. John Brayshaw Kayes' "The Trial of Christ" is a reverent attempt to tell the story of Our Lord's trial in verse, and it is impressively accomplished. Those not familiar with the forms of legal procedure in the Jerusalem of His time will find that it really casts light upon incidents which they have not understood. From habit, beginning in childhood, most laymen allow the non-essentials of the New Testament narrative to pass unchallenged, sure that they are true, and clinging as they read to the central meaning of the whole, to the aspect and speech of the wonderful central Figure, but as explanation of these non-essentials comes to them from Mr. Kaye's pages they will find that great gain comes also, and will be duly grateful to him. *Sherman French & Co.*

"The Garden in the Wilderness" announces itself as by "A Hermit," flings a nasturtium spray in scarlet and gold outline across its cover, gives itself a jacket and end papers veiled by blossoming trees and then discourses

about that garden. The illustrations are wonderful photographs of garden and copse, and the text describes the loveliness of the garden all around the year, also it deals in wise advice such as bidding one to sow Japanese morning-glories and verbenas in a box under the stove, and allow the heat to coax them upward; it suggests ways to persuade the birds to come to those who love them, and to devour crumbs; and lays the most enticing plans. The least touch of humor, the humor of the happily married pervades it. *Baker Taylor Co.*

Two uncommonly good "Noels" make Mr. Thomas Walsh's "The Prison Ships" an excellent book of poems for Christmas, for good Noels are rare; but in its time the name-poem of the book was made to be read at the dedicatory exercises of the Prison Ship martyrs monument on Fort Greene, Washington Park, Brooklyn. The men of the prison ships have waited long but not in vain for their bard, and Mr. Walsh's subject has raised his

work to a higher level than it ordinarily assumes. It is always good, and the book is one to keep carefully and re-read many times, but with the thought of those that died in mean cankering tortures, ignoble miseries, the verse assumes another sort of dignity and the ode becomes something to be compared with the great civil war odes, a memorial of the passion of patriotism. Sherman French & Co.

The very little volume containing the "Dorian Days" of Justice Wendell Phillips Stafford is happily entitled, for it has the Dorian's own charm and so very Greek are most of its pages that it would be easier to believe the verses translations, rather than to accept them as the work of a grave American jurist. Not since Arnold died has any English verse so truly Greek as "The Death of Helen" come from an English-writing pen, and if any say that half its charm is reflected from memories of actual Greek, one may point to other verses lacking all such factitious aid, and yet truly Greek. In the latter part of the volume are a few love poems and here one "Gloria Victis," if there were none other would bear witness that the knightly touch may to-day be given to the strings of the lute as truly as when it came from Blondel's hand. The Macmillan Company.

A brief preface signed only with initials, affixed to Sara King Wiley's "Dante and Beatrice," half reveals and half conceals the author's fascinating figure and sends one to the play. Here Mrs. Drummond (Sara King Wiley) had concentrated the essence of years of study of Dante, his time, and his Florence, and had so planned a few additions to the true story of the singer and the woman whom he loved that they seemed equally true. This, the author's last work, was still in her hands when she yielded to death, but

it is quite complete, and none but she could discern the unfinished window in the tower which she had builded so well and wisely. Scholarship and genius here combine in the production of a piece of work far surpassing anything of its author's, and fit to be placed very high among the productions of those who have honored themselves in honoring Dante. The Macmillan Company.

In his "Evolution of Worlds," which is founded upon his course of lectures delivered early in the year before the Massachusetts Institute of Technology, Professor Percival Lowell says that when he began the course he labored under the apprehension that an account of cosmic physics might be dull, but that it soon threatened to prove too startling. It is not particularly reassuring to find that the title of the last chapter in the book is "The Death of a World" for only deeper knowledge than is the possession of the average man enables him to read the phrase without connecting with it something unpleasant for himself. But by way of reassurance for the timid Mr. Lowell says that we are outgrowing ice ages and probably deluges. It is obvious that any pretense at summarizing the work would be entirely useless. It can only be said that it is illustrated by many striking pictures and diagrams and that its text is written in the author's usual clear and interesting style. The Macmillan Company.

"Vivette" was a very little book: it was published many years ago at a moment when Theophilus Thistle the twister of twists, took the place of Phœbus Apollo with the writers of English poetry and poetic prose. "Lady Mechante" is about twenty times the size of "Vivette" and it blends the style and matter of that book with suggestions of "Raffles," Mr. George Ade, Mr. Hereward Carrington, the modern

novel for manicure girls, and Mr. H. G. Wells with fragments of all the spiteful books written about American cities by dwellers in other American cities. The author of the two books, Mr. Gelett Burgess, calls the second a "farce in fillgree," a "helter skelter rigamarole," and other hard names but evidently approves of it highly. Now, one thing writers of his school can do; they can retort most bitterly on any one expressing any but approving sentiments in regard to their work. Wherefore all that need be said of "My Lady Mechante" is that if taken in minute parts, it is highly agreeable. Frederick A. Stokes Company.

If Mr. Gilbert K. Chesterton and Mr. G. Bernard Shaw, and Mr. Max Beerbohm had not been born at such times and in such places that all three are in London at one time it would have been much better for them, but as matters stand, the ordinary American daily and hourly forgets which is which. Mr. Chesterton is he who has just published a novel which is an allegory,—of all things for a man to publish in a century too indolent to make out one meaning in a story book. Mr. Chesterton now publishes "Tremendous Trifles," a book of those brief editorial articles beginning anywhere and ending anywhere, to be found in all daily newspapers not conducted on principles of the strictest parsimony. Their secret is that the apparent subject is tacked to the real paper after it is finished and puzzles the reader who strives in vain to see the connection. Mr. Chesterton, a thoughtful and earnest person, almost invariably has something to say, having thought about many subjects. In this book he seems to be especially moved to think about the flippant, the disrespectful of actualities and he frees his mind courageously and utters some wholesome truths. Dodd, Mead & Co.

In the "Friendship Village Love Stories," Miss Zona Gale's new book, the good, kind souls seen in the earlier volume of the tales fall from grace a little, under the influence of a woman who "bosses," who tells everybody how to perform her simplest duties and is little short of unbearable even to one to whom she appears safely imprisoned in the book. The fall is the merest stumble and the kind creatures are so sorry and ashamed that their real goodness shines brighter than ever. The author introduces a charming new person, Little Child, to whom she talks bewitchingly and whom she makes the excuse for expounding some excellent theories on the education of little girls. This is remarkable, but the theories are not only good but practicable and one does not expect such a gift as that from a novelist. Miss Gale has once more demonstrated her skill in her field of the village, and if one express a wish that she would seek a new background, it is only because so many of the good backgrounds are serving such base purposes this year. Macmillan Company.

Miss Josephine Peabody has removed all the comic element from Browning's "The Pied-Piper of Hamelin town" in transforming it into her four act play "The Piper." The scene opens after the Piper, having driven away the rats, comes for his thousand guilders, and, being refused, leads away the children even to the little acolytes from the altar. The second act follows the children to the place where the Piper has hidden them; the third introduces an element entirely foreign to the poem; and the fourth portrays the anguish of the parents, the softening of the Piper's heart and the reappearance of the children, unchanged except that they are brighter of aspect and happier. The remodelling of the legend upon a theme of a higher order is very finely effected, and the little drama might well inter-

est both childish performers and an audience of their friends. The interpolated element is managed with especial grace, and the whole play evinces that delicate imagination and that deep sympathy with childhood which we have learned to look for in Miss Peabody's verse. Everywhere it is sweet and graceful, and in places it reaches a high spiritual level. Houghton Mifflin Co.

Dr. James Stalker of Aberdeen has made more than one important contribution to the literature of theology, but he has given his readers nothing more luminous, more forceful or more inspiring than his latest volume, "The Ethic of Jesus." Taking the synoptic Gospels as the basis of his study, he has analyzed and grouped the teachings of Jesus touching the highest good,—the summum bonum of the ancient philosophers,—the animating force by which the goal is to be attained, and the path along which it is to be sought. Not to impose his own views or theories upon the reader, but to study the teachings of the Master and to draw from them lessons needed for to-day is Dr. Stalker's aim; and he pursues it through chapter after chapter of limpid and reverent prose, with a simplicity of style which engages and holds the attention of a lay reader, while the sincere and searching scholarship evinced must command the respect of the professional theologians. The argument is closely knit, and the book will yield the best results to a reader who follows the author's thought from the first chapter to the last,—a task by no means onerous, and richly repaying the time required; but to readers who must read by snatches, separate chapters, such as those on "Repentance," "The Imitation of Christ" and "The Cross and Offences" will bring a quickened sense of the meaning of Je-

sus in passages which, by reason of their familiarity, have lost a part of their compelling appeal. A. C. Armstrong & Son.

What is as deceitful as a fashion plate? Another fashion plate. Even to-day, although one may accept the photographs distributed by certain dressmakers as perfectly representing the garments which they send forth, all moderately well-informed persons know that every artist who draws fashion figures endows each one with her own temperament and produces puppets as far from reality as so many Gibson girls. Therefore conditionally and conditionally only one accepts the pictures in Miss M. Edwardes's "Modes and Manners of the Nineteenth Century." The three volumes describe the period between 1790 and 1878. By comparison and elimination one may guess what was really worn, and the best French plates are often as accurate as photographs. Accordingly a general impression of the procession of the modes may be drawn from the book and that is valuable, and the pictures taken individually are very interesting. The modern portraits are excellent, being photographs, and among them is a rare picture of King Edward just before his marriage. The text is a composite photograph rather than a succession of portraits that one perceives in it, and one is not shown how one style develops from its predecessor. One is not even told the originator of some garments having historical significance. One begins in the England of Queen Charlotte and comes down to the England on which the jersey will dawn the next summer, but between the two points confusion reigns. One must be content with admiring the oddity of the old styles, and the patience which has gathered the pictures. The beautiful little volumes amuse if they do not edify. E. P. Dutton & Co.

